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ODDS AND ENDS, BY AN OBSOLETE WRITER.

NO. I.—HAPPINESS.

THERE probably was never an age of the world in which so much pains were taken to make mankind better and happier; and yet, from the experience of a long life, as well as a pretty extensive acquaintance with past generations, derived from history, I doubt whether the present has much to boast of in comparison with the past. In morals we certainly have not improved upon the patriarchs of the Scriptures; and as regards happiness, the outward condition of a large portion of the human race, in countries that boast of the highest degree of civilization and refinement, will derive no triumphs from a comparison with those periods of pastoral simplicity which, however embellished by poetry, certainly once existed in the world.

After all, however, happiness, although the universal pursuit of mankind, is not identified with any condition of life, any mode of enjoyment, or any advances in mere human knowledge. It is a creature of the mind more than of the body, and the most common error we commit is that of estimating the happiness of men by their possession of what we suppose the means of being happy. If it were possible for us to be content with our condition in life, without sinking into utter listlessness and apathy, that would probably come as nearly as anything to the *summum bonum* which so puzzled the ancient philosophers.

One day, as the Dervish Almorán, the wisest of all the followers of the Prophet, and the oracle of the chief Mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain, on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the true road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "Oh! Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden."

Almorán, who was a sort of amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow, and kindly inquired the cause of his griefs:—"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those

comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness; or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolations of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them on my fellow creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the Dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she loves another, and all my riches and honors are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almorán could reply, there approached a poor creature, clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down moaning, as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed, "Allah! be my star; for I have none other!"

The Dervish went to him and kindly said, "What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distresses. What wantest thou?"

"Everything," replied the beggar; "health, food, kindred, friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my own sufferings, I see others around me revelling in those luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at free length, and yawning desperately, cried out, "Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants, that when supplied only produce disappointment or disgust."

Almorán approached and asked, "What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?"

"I want a want," answered the other. "I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride, or repay me for the labor of sus-

taining them: I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and my only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almorán paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, then said to himself, "Allah! pre-

serve me; I see it is all the same whether men want one thing, everything, or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit."

Then, taking up his staff, he went on his way.

P.

TABOGA IN 1849 AND '50.

THE village of Taboga, with its hundred houses or so and its white-walled church, is before us, at the opening of the green valley which divides the two loftiest of the hills of the island. From the bay in the distance, as we sail into the harbor, the little brown huts of cane and palm-leaf thatch look like the dwarf-houses of a Dutch toy village; and as they show themselves irregularly scattered about, peeping through the gaunt cocoanut-trees that wave their feathery tops high above them in the air, they seem as if they might have been fixed in their straggling sites, by the caprice of some child architect at play. Some of the huts top the weatherworn rocks which divide the beach, and jut into the bay; here, upon the rocks, the pelicans may be seen full paunched and torpid, dozing after a feast of fish with which they have glutted themselves in the waters below. Some of the huts are thrust back into the valley among the leaves that shade the stream which flows between the hills. Others again are grouped about the margin of the shore; when the tide is out, a wide surface of smooth beach stretches before them; when the tide is at its full, the waves murmur and beat at their doors. This beach is the chief approach to the island; here the boats land from the vessels in the harbor,—bringing idle skippers to lounge about the village,—bustling stewards to make their purchases of live stock, fruits, and vegetables, and busy sailors that go struggling up the beach with great water casks. The heavy ship's boat, with a strong pull of the oarsmen, is driven, lifted upon an advancing wave, high and dry upon the shore, while the native canoe, light and buoyant, with a gentle sweep of the paddle, seems to leap like a supple fish right out of water far beyond upon the sands. Here, upon the beach, the natives embark on their voyages to Panama and the neighboring isles, and here return. Here come from Quibo, the Islands of the King, the Pearl Islands, and other places in and about the Gulf of Panama, large canoes heavily freighted with provisions, pigs, fowls, yams,

and fruit of every kind, to supply the steamers and shipping. This beach, too, is the favorite resort of the natives when the cool of the evening breeze invites them to breathe the pure air; here the men lie idly about, smoking their Taboga cigars, and stretched among the fleet of canoes, left by the tide high and dry upon the shore; here the Taboga women lounge about, fanning themselves with the breeze, and cooling their bare feet upon the moist sand; and the naked children, with great glee and noise, sport with the waves, flying from the coming, and running after the going tide.

The native inhabitants of the village are a simple minded, quiet, ease loving, enjoying people. Existence subdued and softened into languor by the warm, moist, vapor-like atmosphere of the tropical island, its drowsy repose in the still bay, and its fulness of sensuous enjoyment, and soothed with beauty, and fattened with abundance, seems like a long sleep. The various origin of the people shows itself in the occasional characteristic features of the Spaniard, African, and Indian; but mostly a general harmony of color and form prevails, giving the natives the look of the Egyptian race in their bronzed complexions, rounded limbs, and regularity of feature. The blood of the proud and cruel Castilian conqueror, the wild Indian, and patient Congo slave, mingled together, free of all harshness and bitterness, flows a mild mixture in the veins of the quiet Taboga people. They have all a sleek, well fed look, and are unruffled and happy. The men are lithe and strong, and, though indolent, capable of labor. The women are full formed and graceful, their movement easy and unrestrained, their features smooth and unvaried, and their eyes are large, full, and slumbering.

There is little need of work in this well favored island. Food can be got by stretching out the hand to take it, for nature generously supplies an endless store; shelter and clothing are hardly needed, when summer lasts for ever. The men, however, build cool huts of a native bamboo, and

thatch them with the leaves of the palm, cultivate small fields of maize and yams, scoop out great trunks of trees, and launch their canoes upon the bay to fish, or sail to Panama, to barter their loads of fruit for the coarse cloth of Manchester, for their own use, and flaunting calicoes, cotton laces, bright colored Chinese handkerchiefs, and cheap finery to adorn the women. The women keep at home mostly, swinging in their hammocks the live-long day, or busying themselves with their small household cares,—tending their young, if mothers,—preparing their simple feasts,—or plaiting palm-leaf baskets,—or pounding the maize,—or otherwise doing the simple duties of their simple life.

As in all villages, there are some notabilities, who are thought to be somewhat better than their neighbors, and to have more claim upon the notice of the chronicler than others: so there are in the village of Taboga. First of all, there is the Padre, no reverend ecclesiastic of demure face and sombre mien, but a plump, jolly, "oily man of God," without a care or wrinkle, as round, smooth, and unctuous as a Spanish olive,—no ascetic who thinks that the joy of this world must be bartered away to secure the happiness of another, but a right merry fellow,—who never puts off to the morrow any pleasure that may be got to-day, and never giving a thought to the paradise above, seems quite contented with his paradise here below, and makes the most of his merry life among the orange groves and dark-eyed girls of Taboga. He is a happy mortal, beloved of his simple flock, and an especial favorite of the Taboga women. By a free interpretation of the law of celibacy, or somehow or other, he has contrived to become the father of more than his share of the dark faced and black eyed urchins that indiscriminately toddle about the village. There is no better judge in the whole village of the fighting qualities of a game cock, and to see him to advantage, just look at him when he has doffed his canonicals, after saying mass in church on a Sunday, and observe how his smooth, oily face glistens, and how young and spry he looks, with his finely woven Panama hat hung knowingly on one side of his black, crisp hair, and how gay, in his flowing white trousers, and his bright, red silken sash, and how earnestly he thrusts himself among his cockfighting parishioners, and bets upon the fight. He will outdance, too, any young gallant of Taboga at a fandango, and his presence always puts fresh spirit into the movements of the dancing girls, who think him the most lovable man in all Taboga. Though a cockfighting and fan-

dango dancing parson, the Padre is not unmindful of his spiritual duties. Upon Sundays and saints' days, he is always to be found at the church, surrounded with an odor of sanctity, chanting the mass with his oily voice, and he is always at hand to perform his spiritual functions at every birth, marriage, and death in the village. He has, however, a little *curé*, an infant Christ carved in wood, with golden hair, and red painted cheeks, upon whom devolves much of the parochial duties on the more tedious of these occasions. At the earliest prospect of a birth or death, the little painted *curé*—who, by the bye, is somewhat the worse for wear in the course of his heavy labors, and would be the better for a fresh coat of paint—is despatched, to cheer by his blessed presence, the suffering and dying, from his place at the high altar in the church where he sits cross-legged at the spangled skirts of the wooden virgin in the worshipful company of painted saints and apostles. On Saints' days, and especially upon the day of the patron saint of the island, Our Lady of Carmen, the Padre, all gilt and spangles, shows to great advantage, leading over the island, at the break of day, his procession of well drilled vestals, all in white raiment and with their dark flowing hair decked with orange blossoms, bearing crosses adorned with flowers, and carrying Our Lady of Carmen, gallanted by that glowing little Cherub, the little *curé*, under a canopy brilliant with gay blossoms, and odorous with rich perfume. We question whether the people of Taboga, the women especially, would exchange their favorite Padre for the Pope of Rome himself.

You may see any day at Taboga, a tall, gaunt, raw-boned, red-haired virago, her fiery hair streaming over her stringy neck and square angular shoulders, and her bony limbs but half covered with her scant robe, with a thin wrinkled face mottled with freckles, like a bit of parchment shrivelled with age and spotted with mould, looking as fierce as the savage Bellona, and sitting as straight as a dragoon upon the back of a bull, that with a slow heavy tread moves its great bulk about the village, guided by a meek Tobago man, old, deaf, and rheumatic. Jupiter and Europa! you exclaim; the imperial and rampant Jove subdued into the tamest of bulls, and the enticing Europa sharpened into the sharpest and ugliest of shrews! The meek Tobago man for one, we have reason to know, would not object to a celestial translation, if the taurine Jove should get up his spirits sufficiently to spirit away his Europa to the heights of Olympus. The red-haired Europa is Dona

Juana, as she is called by the natives, with a due regard for her imposing dignity, the old Scotchwoman, as the irreverent strangers term her; the bull is her bull, the only steed kept upon the island, and the meek Tobago man is her servant of all work and most obedient husband. Dona Juana is a thunder gust in temper, and when she storms, as she often does at her subdued bull and meek partner, her voice has the concentrated shrillness of a storm blast, and pierces the air like an angry wind; all her milk of human kindness has long since soured, turned acid, doubtless by the storms of her own conjuring. She is held in great awe, as she may well be, by all the quiet natives round about, and in great esteem too for her wondrous skill in physic. She looks like a sorceress, crouched in her low hut, the dirtiest in the village, surrounded with dirty bottles and filthy packets of drugs, mixing her medicine potions. What with her unsavory compounds of castor oil, nauseous jalap, and the bitter stuff of her own composition of which her nature would supply enough to store a doctor's shop, she makes undoubtedly a great impression upon her patients. How Dona Juana, whose rude Scotch tongue resists like vinegar the oily smoothness of the Spanish, and has an unmistakable smack of her native land, ever entered the paradise of Tobago is a mystery. She is one of those stray waifs of humanity that, tossed about in the storm of life, finally drift to rest in the quiet places of the world.

The beauty of the village is Dolores, as soft, pulpy, and sweet as a Taboga orange. She is one of the full formed beauties, ripened in the shade and repose of the island. Swinging all day in her hammock, and moving only in the early morning or cool evening, to take her bath in the Taboga stream, and living upon the nutritious maize and rice, and luscious fruit, she has become as white and smooth-skinned, and rounded and plump, as one of the Circassian women in the Turkish Sultan's seraglio. Her features have a dreamy, listless expression, though the fulness of her Spanish and voluptuous mouth, and the bright sparkle of her black eyes, save them from dullness and a want of interest. Her hair is a jet black, and flows in thick profusion over her rounded shoulders, which her low drapery exposed in all their glistening whiteness and full development. Her hands and feet are small and white, like those of most Spanish women, who take heed that no labor or exposure shall spoil their beauty, of which they are so proud. All fall in love with Dolores, but she is a sad coquette, and the world is warned accordingly.

There is Frank, the dark Maltese, a handsome Moorish looking fellow, who has sailed and fought under every flag of Christendom, and done, it is whispered, dark deeds too, with slaver and pirate crew. He leads a jolly life; is a famous trader with the shipping, supplying it with provisions, and buying in return brandies, wines, and other stores, with which he supplies the sailors and natives from his shop near the shore. There is Slingman too, a restless New Englander, who always looks like a shipwrecked sailor, who boasts of having been a lawyer in Vermont, a slaver on the coast of Africa, and American consul at the Sandwich Islands. He has a Taboga wife, and is one of Frank's best customers for French brandy. But enough of these Taboga worthies.

The island of Taboga is free from all dangerous and venomous insects and animals; there are neither the scorpions nor the deadly vipers which infest the main land, and some of the other islands in the gulf. There are, however, some curious, grotesque, and beautiful living creatures that surprise the eye of the stranger, and would interest the naturalist. There is the uncommonly iguana, which is caught in the woods by the dogs, and much prized by the natives as food, for its rich and savory flavor. There are the land crabs which burrow upon the summits of the hills, and once in a year come down in myriads to lay their eggs in the sands. The whole island is then alive with them on the move, the leaves and undergrowth rustle under their rapid, crackling tread; they come down in torrents, and their march through the island sounds like the pattering of great rain drops. Then the natives feast, for the land crabs are choice food, and are to be caught on such occasions without an effort. They incontinently in their hurried movement come down the hills through the huts, and go helter skelter into the very *pot au feu*. In one day they are flowing down the hills in hosts, and on the next they have disappeared like a shower. There are brilliantly enamelled toads and lizards, whose bright colors of green, red, and yellow, glisten in the sun like precious stones. There is the macaw flaunting in the bright light with its many colored plumage, and disturbing the quiet of the island with its noisy talk, and the grey feathered, mild-toned dove, that hides itself in the wood. There is the busy insect, the *comyon*, that destroys in a few months, riddling them like a sieve, the gallant ships whose stout timbers have withstood the storms of the ocean, and turns into dust the lofty houses of man's hands, the work of long and laborious days. There

is the shrill cricket, that sounds from afar like the sharp blast of a steam whistle, that the new comers call the railroad cricket.

Among the full tropical growth of the island, its wealth of timber, leaves, fruit, and flowers, there is no limit to the display of the useful and beautiful. The *sanctu spiritu* blossoms on the island, in the dove formed petals of which beautiful flower the religious sentiment of the Spanish catholic devoutly worships a symbol of the Holy Spirit. Here too grows the *javoncilla*, a vegetable soap, the leaves of which moistened with water form a creamy lather, sweeter and smoother than the best Windsor. This is much used by the Taboga women in their baths, and to it they attribute their smooth skin and their rich growth of thick flowing hair.

So much for the picturesque era of this beautiful island. Another era has commenced with California and the American Steamers. Already in 1850, there were great heaps of coal stored beneath the palm-trees of the island, ungainly store-houses crowding out the orange trees, great sea steamers with their dark hulls, and vessels of all kinds floating in the quiet harbor. Bamboo huts turned into shops, with rum, gin, and other civilized commodities for sale, and filled with drunken sailors; the indolent native men, stimulated by gain, were hard at work, and the women had left their hammocks and had become washers of foul linen. There were strangers of all kinds coming from and going to California. The Bowerly was on its travels, and it might here be seen in red flannel sleeves swaggering noisily about the quiet island of Taboga.

Taboga is virtually the port of Panama. All vessels make this island their resting place. Panama, from its exposed and open roadstead, and the great rocky strand that stretches out for a league beyond the walls of the town does not afford a safe anchorage.

Large vessels cannot approach within three miles of the town. Taboga has all the advantages that Panama wants, a secure harbor, large and deep enough for vessels of the greatest draught, and a good holding ground for anchorage, an abundant supply of the purest water, and above all, a natural dry dock. There is a cove towards the southern end of the island, secure from all wind and storm, which stretches to a distance of three ship's lengths between two high banks of rock. When the tide is at the full, the largest ship can be hauled in afloat, till its bowsprit reaches the orange trees at the furthest end of the cove closed by the island. When the tide, which falls almost thirty feet is out, the ship will be left high and dry upon a smooth hard beach of sand gently sloping towards the bay, and the hull as readily got at for repairs as in any ship yard. Some of the large California Steamers have been beached in this cove, and extensive repairs made. The steamer Oregon was beached here and a portion of new keel put in, in a way which would have done credit to the ship yards in the East river. There is, it is believed, no other place on the Pacific coast where similar repairs could have been done so well.

When the travel across the Isthmus of Darien shall have been perfected by the completion of the Panama Railroad, the little island of Taboga will be developed into the imposing position of a great Pacific port. It will be at the gate through which will pass the great caravan of trade, that will gather from China in the East, from Oregon, California, and Mexico, along the wide stretch of the north-western coast, from the islands in the Pacific and from the far distant continent of Australia, from the New Zealand isles, and from the long extent of the South American coast, from Chili and Peru.

A STRAY YANKEE IN TEXAS.

The time, high noon: the summer's sun
One half his destined course had run,
The gentle flowers, at early morn,
That woke to life on dewy lawn,
Now lay all withered, scentless, dead;
Their beauty and their odor sped,
The bird had sought the leafy bower,
E'en man confessed the blighting power,
And nature sank in stillness quite,
As solemn as the deep midnight.

PIPE in mouth and book in hand, one afternoon, I lay stretched in luxurious ease upon the floor of the cozy piazza of a Texan cottage.

The dreamy god, far from coy, and requiring but little wooing, was fast stealing upon my senses, drawing the mantle of oblivion over them; and no wonder. Upon my

moist brow the soothing sea-breeze gently breathed from off a beautiful prairie, an oasis—a perfect bijou of a thing—enamelled and bedight with flowers of all forms and colors, and their hues mingling to my half-closed eyes, made the tout ensemble before them look for all the world like a vast assemblage of Joseph's coats bleaching upon the rich grass, or a second and enlarged edition of the gaudy Spanish blanket upon which I lay my lazy length along.

The hands of the clock, had there been such an article about the premises—which, as the country was yet uninvaded by Yankee pedlars, there was not—*would* have been upon the hour of one, and the "*sonans æs*" doubtless had told the same tale, but the shadow of a pillar arriving at a certain mark upon a graduated scale inscribed on, and cut in the porch floor, answered every whit as well.

The day was one of the kalends of July, and a person acquainted with the semi-tropical summers of Texas, must know that this combination of annual and horological time necessarily superinduces an universal drowsiness. All nature, in fact, seemed asleep. The monster grasshopper of the country had ceased his shrill "Italian" note; the corn-cracker was mute; the tree-toad emulated their silence; the goats, who, browsing about the inclosure, usually filled the air with anything but melody, were quietly snoozing under the shade of the gin-house—no relation to gin-palace, but simply a building like a cider-mill, with an upper story, and used to gin, i. e. extract the seed from cotton—or beneath the projecting and protecting limbs of some large oak:—

"*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*"

Happy am I to have the opportunity to so aptly quote the above line, as it is the only one of the entire Eclogues impressed upon my memory, though not exactly in the usual method; for the impression was not imparted through the head, but quite the reverse,—the fact of the matter being that a peculiar dislike to the use of an able but interesting work of Mr. Ainsworth's, and a too great reliance upon my own philological attainments, frequently induced me to render certain passages and words "*con amore*," perhaps, but not "*secundum artem*." So it fell out, upon a *dies infesta*, that I translated *fagi* as *fig* tree, and received as testimonial, from an unappreciative pedagogue, the application of sundry twigs of the other tree—known to the learned as the "*betulla*"—upon a portion of my corporeal system, whose name bears a striking similitude to the correct rendering of the obnoxious word.

After all, I was quite as near the mark as the poet, who thus gives the passage:—

"O Tityrus, reclining 'neath the shade,
By an umbrageous windmill swift revolving made."

As I was saying—prior to my striking the trail which led to the foregoing episode—my senses were just tottering upon the narrow confines that divide reverie from the Land of Nod, when a heavy step near me recalled my fast-departing wits, and a voice, in the once-familiar but long-forgotten tones of my father-land, smote my ear.

"Hello, Mister! how de den? bin well! plaguy hot day; Curnil tu hum? you aint him? No? jest what I was thinking on! folks all smart? guess I'll set down, cheap settin's standing."

At the opening of this extraordinary volley I had jumped up, and saw before me a truly surprising figure for a new country.

The owner of the voice was a ponderous individual, the roseate hue of whose face was rendered ruddier yet from the reflected tint of a huge and flaming red bandanna, with which the owner was endeavoring to check the perspiration which was not *dropping*, but fairly *streaming* down his hemispherical cheeks. A black silk hat, with narrow brim, adorned his head, and despite the great heat of the day, he wore a heavy, new, and shining black overcoat, black frock coat, black satin vest, and black woollen pants, the latter *rolled up*, displaying the white cotton lining, instead of being, "*more Texano*," tucked in his ponderous "pot metal" boots. The arm that wielded the bandanna was tucked through the handle of a plethoric carpet-bag, and the other sustained by the means of a huge and nearly rounded paw at its extremity, an extra pair of boots, and an umbrella.

Here was a rig for a July day in Texas, with the thermometer at 105° in the shade! and it is not in the least surprising that, when at length I found my voice, I broke out with—

"Who, in the name of all the gods at once, are you, and where did you come from?"

Whereat my comfortably-clad friend again opened his mouth and spoke.

According to his story, which was delivered in the richest vernacular of Down-East, a brother of his wife had years previous settled far in the interior of the country, and after having written to him at intervals, describing in glowing language the beauties and fatness of the land, the excellence of the timber, and the manifold blessings attendant upon a residence there, at length himself experienced one of them, in

the form of a congestive fever, and went off in a jiffy to explore another country.

Our friend—who bore the very significant name of Green—much affected at his fate, started immediately to see after the effects: with a brain inflamed by floating visions of shingle mills, white oak staves, free pasturage, and last, not least, an abundance of buffalo, bear, and deer, which had been represented to him of almost as accommodating dispositions as the roast pigs in the story, who ran about ready roasted, seeking customers to eat them.

There is a tale told, in the *Arabian Nights*, of a certain prince “what’s his name,” who, having placed himself astraddle of a wooden horse, was suddenly and incontinently landed, without any previous preparation, in a strange country, among strangers. Not that this was either the first or the last time that a man’s riding his hobby a *peg* too high has rendered a sudden change of climate equally agreeable and necessary.

Green was in precisely a similar fix. He had lived for forty years in some secluded part of Vermont, knowing nothing of the world, except the limited amount of experience picked up at home; and suddenly, with but a day or two’s notice, had started for an eastern port, found a vessel loaded with lime and notions up for Texas, embarked, and after a short passage landed in Galveston, as verdant a specimen of humanity as ever probably, at the mature age of forty, escaped from the maternal apron-string, or a wife’s petticoat government.

A gentleman in Galveston, to whom he had obtained a letter of introduction, persuaded him to abandon the idea of settling far “up country,” and advised him to establish himself in or near the town, and work for a while at some one of the manifold trades which he professed to understand. The merchant, however, soon discovered his protégé to be an intolerable bore, and to get rid of him inoculated his brain with a flaming idea of the immense profits which would indubitably attend a shingle speculation, and providing him with a letter to Col. P——, begging him for heaven’s sake to set him to work at something or anything, packed him off “up the Bay.”

For a time, Green’s excessive ignorance and curiosity, combined with a professed knowledge of everything, afforded much amusement, and as there were two bright lads of the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen in the family, ripe for mischief, he had rather a hard time of it.

The difficulty with him seemed to be, that so many flattering opportunities of realizing a fortune presented themselves, that, not

knowing which to choose, he appeared in some danger of enacting again the fable of the Ass and the bundles of hay.

He was advised by the Colonel to look about him well ere he plunged into business of any kind, and informed that he would be very welcome to remain with him as long as he pleased, and that horses, guns, &c., were at his disposal.

Strange as it may appear, the new comer had never seen a mule until his advent to Texas; and one—a fine and spirited saddle-beast, with enormous ears—attracted his particular attention. He even went so far as to endeavor to “trade” for him, and although warned by all of the caution necessary to be observed by every one unaccustomed to the horses and particularly the mules of the country, yet he persisted in his assertion, that *he* could ride any of them “bare-back.” He tried it. One Sunday morning, he thought that a ride up the Bayou would be beneficial to his health; and having had “Brandy” (the aforesaid mule) driven up, came into the porch in quest of a saddle. Unfortunately, every one was in use; but the Colonel provided him with a light snaffle-bitted bridle, wherewithal to lead the mule to a near neighbor’s, for the purpose of procuring the needful trappings—at the same time warning him to be very careful, as he might expect a severe fall.

About the middle of the afternoon, as the lads and I were standing in the Gin-house, in full sight of the road, Brandy made his appearance, trotting along very gently—then stopping a moment to crop a mouthful of anything at hand—then raising his ears, shaking his head, and trotting on again. A few rods behind him followed Green, evidently in a passion, now shaking his fist at his quondam pet, now throwing a club at him, and again attempting to draw nearer and seize the bridle, which was dangling from the mule’s head. In the latter attempt he was eminently unsuccessful, for “Brandy” was determined to keep his former rider at a respectful distance.

What had happened was self evident; and I could not help joining the roar of laughter with which the boys greeted this first result of Green’s attempt to astonish the natives with his wondrous horsemanship. He was much irritated at his reception, and inquired, “if that was decent behavior to a feller-critter that had just escaped the jors of destruction, and might die yet from his hurts.” I finally appeased him, and persuaded him to tell his tale.

He had not succeeded in obtaining a saddle, and foolishly started off without one. “He couldn’t git the critter,” he said, “out

of a walk to save him, and when he tried to git a limb to whip a trot out of him, he'd jerk away, and when he wanted to get off he'd jump, so he jest had to let the consarned beast have his own way."

At length, however, he reached his journey's end, and leaving the mule hitched at the bars, went into the house and remained some hours, which did not in the least improve "Brandy's" temper.

"I got a big gad," continued he, "expectin to work my passage hum, but by lightnin, he went off like a greased streak, and I couldn't do nothin but holler, say my prayers, and stick like death to the mane, what there was of it.

"We went through the woods like a steam ingin, and when we got into the porara I looked around for a place to light, but bimeby I lit fore I was ready and about a rod off, too; and don't you think arter he'd chucked me slap onter the ground and broke, I guess, much's five or six ribs, he jest went on a piece and stopped, and went to feedin. Then when I cum up near, he moved on, and so he sarved me all the way hum, and I've had to walk much's five mile all smashed up as I be—and the darned mean critter keepin jest ahead, tantalizin."

We tried to soothe his alarm, telling him that such things were of ordinary occurrence; but this only irritated him the more, and he persisted in considering himself to be morally and physically a deeply injured individual.

To bed he went, and *would* have a doctor sent for, even his habitual economy in this instance failing of its duty; and a remark that the visit would cost him a cow and calf—the currency of the country—or ten dollars, merely elicited the remark that "he guessed he could beat the doctor down, and make him take it out in trade." The doctor, however, laughed at his fears; but Green *would be* and *was* bled, blistered, and dosed, although a second visit from the medicus he could not obtain.

The soreness occasioned by the fall remained but a day or so, yet his bleeding and dosing produced a temporary weakness; and insisting upon being dangerously ill, he kept his bed for a fortnight. At length, one fine morning, permitting himself to be persuaded that none of his bones were broken and that he had received no internal injury likely to prove immediately fatal, he ventured out, took a short walk, and returned in time to breakfast with the family.

He seemed big with thought; something evidently was weighing upon his mind, and several times during the meal he suspended operations in toto, seeming lost in calcula-

tion. I imagined that he had discovered some prominent point on the bayou suitable for one of his manifold projects; but this idea was "shooting very wide of the mark." He was only meditating revenge. At last he broke forth. "I've been thinkin, Curnil," said he, "if that consarned long-eared critter was mine, and warn't worth too much money, I'd shoot him." "Indeed," replied the Colonel, "perhaps I would part with him if you cannot ease your mind in any other way. I have always considered his value to be twelve cows and calves, but under the circumstance, you may have him for a hundred dollars." "Jerusalem, Curnil, I couldn't stand that, but I wouldn't mind givin' fifty cents for a chance to give him a right down good lickin', and make him feel cheap—the nasty beast."

"Well, sir, if it will really relieve your feelings, I have no objection to your administering a practical lesson to Mr. Brandy, upon the glaring impropriety of his conduct—although I must decline your fee."

Our Yankee jumped at the offer, and seizing a long-lashed cow-whip that hung in the hall, made directly for the stable-yard, which was near the house, the back doors of the negro quarter opening upon it.

"Now," said the Colonel, "step into my room a moment, and let us listen; after he is fairly warmed up with his work he will not mind our seeing him; there will be some fun, depend upon it."

Brandy having finished his morning repast, had been turned loose, and was standing very complacently in the centre of the yard, when Green, whip in hand, clambered over the fence, and the following dialogue ensued, for monologue it was not, since Brandy sustained his part with much spirit.

GREEN *loquitur*. Well now, you nasty, tobaker-leaf-eared, hipereritikle critter, don't ye feel cheap, eh?

BRANDY preserves a dignified silence, intimating, by the flapping of his ears, that he perfectly understands what has been said.

GREEN. There, take that (attempting an application of the whip, and only succeeding in getting a smart rap with the snapper upon his cheek). Rot these darn fool whips!—as long as the moral law'n the ten commandments with the hull book a Revelation for a snapper."

After various attempts, Green began, as he said, "to get the hang of the thing," and then commenced a race around the lot, the Yankee cracking away at the mule and getting rather the larger share of the lash himself, until he finally cornered his antagonist in a kind of cul-de-sac, formed by the

junction of the fence and stable at a very acute angle.

GREEN. There, now, I guess I got you, and we'll begin to settle up. (Crack, crack, crack.)

BRANDY lays his ears back perfectly flat, and drawing his hind feet half-way underneath him, quivers all over with rage.

GREEN. Ah, you don't like it, do yer? Taint quite as good fun as chucking me a rod onto the parara, is it now? (Crack, crack, crack.)

The mule drew his fore feet back, until they joined the hinder ones—a peculiar twitching motion of his latter end betokening to an experienced eye that something might shortly be expected from that quarter.

At this moment our friend's lash caught round the mule's legs, and the stock was jerked from his hand. He stepped forward and stooped to pick it up, when quick as lightning, the mule let fly a pair of heels, which sent Green's hat a perfect wreck, spinning across the yard, then turning short in his tracks, dashed out of the corner, knocking Green head-foremost into a pile of fresh manure.

Green jumped up in a moment, perfectly maddened with rage, and jerking a rail from the fence, made at the enemy.

"Look out, man, that mule will kill you!" cried the Colonel—but too late. Green had already struck at the mule, who parried the blow with her heels, knocking the weapon over the fence, and the man under it, and then open-mouthed rushed at him.

How the Yankee evaded him I know not—the whole thing was done so quickly—but evade him he did, and dashed across the yard, where an open doorway (through which protruded any given number of young negroes' heads, exhibiting an extensive assortment of ivory) offered shelter.

Through these he rushed, making a general average of broken heads and bloody noses, and his foot tripping, he plunged headlong, catching with both hands the rim of a huge wash tub, which was at that moment in the use of a big, greasy wench, and pulling it, its contents, and the wench, above all, right upon him. Dripping like a Naiad, he emerged from the other door of the cabin, his courage completely cooled by the wholesale administration of warm, oleaginous suds, although perhaps not perfectly satisfied with the hydropathic treatment of the complaint.

A day or two after this escapade, I happened to be in the field near the fence, with but a small strip of cane intervening, so that I could distinctly hear any person who might be speaking on the outer side,

while remaining myself unseen. Presently I heard Green's heavy step—tramp, tramp, tramp, upon the hard trodden path. Then it ceased,—a halt evidently,—then a prolonged whistle, which always with him betokened astonishment—at last came the voice.

"Oh, git eaut! Now aint ye a beauty? What do you call yourself when you'r tu hum, and what was your name afore you come to Texas? Show yer teeth, and grin like a chessy cat, will you? Why don't ye travel? Are ye sick er tired? I swanny if you don't travel, I'll make you—there, take that!" A *suggin'* sound here intimated that somebody had kicked something; and then the voice again—"Well, I vow to man, if he ain't dead already; who ever see the beat of that? Je-rusalem! if it ain't a rat, ater all; what a powerful tail! ain't that a mouth! guess I'd like to see the egg big enough for you to suck; if you didn't smell so strong, I'd carry you hum, by ginger! Well, I never, if this don't beat all." Here another whistle was heard, whose lengthened sweetness long drawn out, assured me that the oration was finished; and off he went.

I stepped up to the fence, and there upon a little knoll lay a poor 'possum, rolled up like a ball, to all appearance as dead as a mackerel. Presently, however, one little bright eye half unclosed, then opened entirely; then the other; the head was turned in the direction of the retreating enemy, and no danger appearing from that quarter, first one paw, and then another, was put forth, as if to ascertain the extent of damages received, and apparently not finding them severe, the poor thing, in its humble way, commenced sneaking off. A sharp rustle in the cane checked its career, and,—like Kirby,—it died again.

There we left it, determining to be in time to enjoy Green's account of the new mare's nest which he had discovered.

The man had been so laughed at and quizzed by the lads (indeed no one could have listened to the tales of wonder, and witnessed his mode of "actin' em eaut") that tired of their ridicule, when he had anything to tell, abandoning the parlor, he sought refuge in the kitchen, for tell them he must, or die of suppressed marvels, and he preferred a negro audience to none at all.

The kitchen in the evening was the rendezvous of a queer patriarchal old negro, named Tom, and his family. There were Old Tom, and Young Tom, and Little Tom, and the dog Tommy, one more than Marryatt's Dominee discovered; but, in compen-

sation, they claimed a less number of tails; always to be found after supper, when not engaged in hunting.

The old man had been the "hunter" upon a large plantation in Alabama, and had not forgotten the art, although two of his sons, Tom and Buck, now killed the most game.

There was one singular thing about them. Tom never failed when geese, turkeys, or anything that wore feathers was in question, but had never shot a deer. Buck, on the contrary, was the most skilful deer-hunter in the country, yet always missed the birds.

This was the society which Green sought, to unburden his overtaken bosom of the miraculous events of the day; and it was a perfect study to see the old grey-headed negro leaning his head upon the "mantel-tree," gazing in the fire, to prevent the commission of so gross a piece of disrespect as laughing in the man's face, yet quivering all over with the attempt to prevent it.

Tom and Buck, after listening awhile, usually adjourned to a neighboring grove, and there woke the night with their long-suppressed shouts.

On the outside of the cabin the Colonel's sons stood, so as to listen and peep through the crevice, enjoying the scene, but unobserved themselves.

Green soon announced his intention to go out and kill a deer, and accordingly borrowed a rifle; the dogs he could *not* borrow, for we had all seen too much of him to intrust them to his care.

Resisting all efforts upon the boys' part to accompany him, he started off early in the morning, crossed the Bayou, and went on to the large prairie where deer are more plenty than I have ever seen them elsewhere. However, despite their abundance, he returned at night without game, and in a great rage, denouncing a certain Captain White—who lived some distance down the bayou,—as the "stupidest fool he ever see."

It appeared that our friend had found several fine droves of deer, and tried the very original mode of walking up sufficient-

ly near to shoot them, but finding that this would not do, he conceived a new and brilliant idea. As to all appearances they were very tame, and when startled by his proximity ran but a short distance, and then stopped, he imagined there would be no difficulty in uniting the droves in sight, and then driving all into White's cowpen, there to make a regular battue.

After manœuvring, and walking, and running all day, he at length succeeded in getting a large number very near the desired spot, and keeping not more than an eighth of a mile behind them himself.

But White, who was sitting on the fence, wondering what "that fool stranger" could be doing now, disregarded all his signs about letting down the bars, and when the deer, giving the pen a wide berth, trotted off again into the wide prairie, and Green came up in a rage,—he was well laughed at.

All that we could say would not convince him but that the deer would have gone quietly into the pen, and remained peaceably.

The last of Green's performances that I witnessed was his sudden exit from the back of a spirited "Creole" pony which he *would* ride, in the hunt of a wild mule. His horse, perfectly trained to the business, was close upon the mule's heels, and seeing the latter turn, wheeled in his tracks, while Green went on. This was upon the edge of a water-hole, and our friend received a good ducking, and some bruises.

As long as he remained upon the prairie, his excessive vanity and extensive knowledge led him into fresh difficulties; he started a brick-kiln, burnt a coal-pit, cut cord-wood, bought a market-boat, and tried trading upon the bayou, but finally was forced to return to Galveston, and go to hard work as a blacksmith, in order to earn money enough to pay his passage home.

Ye who would settle in a new country, be content for a time to learn, and do not condemn everything that may appear new or strange to you.

P. P.

FEAR but freezes minds: but Love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat;
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.

DRYDEN.

UNIQUE POEMS.

I.

THE RAINBOW.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
 We slight as old and soiled though fresh and new;
 How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
 Thy burning flaming arch did first descry;
 When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
 The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot
 Did with intente looks watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
 Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
 Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him
 Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant betwixt all and one.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

II.

THE EBB-TIDE.

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
 Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
 As watchfully I roamed thy greenwood side,
 Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
 The laboring boatmen upward plied their oars,
 Yet little way they made, though laboring long,
 Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
 The unlabored boats glide rapidly along;
 The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
 And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
 So silent late, the shallow current roars;
 Fast flow thy waters on their seaward way,
 Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
 The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
 It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
 So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
 And slow to strength and power attained at last,
 Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
 They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears,
 Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
 Alas, how hurryingly the ebbing years
 They hasten to old age!

SOUTHEY.

THE BOY-NATURALIST, OR WILD LIFE AT SCHOOL IN KENTUCKY.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

(Concluded from the last Number.)

YONDER, away across the lake-like Pond, is the Bottomless Spring. There the greatest fish are taken, and very soon with a sufficiency of minnows secured, we hire the boat from the hill below to cross. At last comes the real time for sport. The excitement is too great now, and the stakes too important for unseemly mirth or noise. With rapid silent oars we urge across the broad sheet, avoiding here and there the formidable snags that protrude their dry ragged arms from some buried trunk imploringly towards the sunshine. Now we stem with laboring oars the polished glide with which the dark pool throws up its green waters from unsounded depths.

We strain our eyes downwards through that dim yawning gulf in wondering awe, for there the legends say the earth-crust has been rent by the evil one, who came one dark night of storm and horror to carry off a noted infidel who lived not far from hence on a plantation, years ago. Just beyond a great cave yawns too, and we can push the boat upon the lapsing transparency up beneath the dripping roof, until we shudder at the rayless gloom, and dare not venture to go further, though it is said to bring us at last beneath a vast and vaulted roof far under the hills. Here we let go our long lines over the side of the boat in the Bottomless Spring, a hundred feet or so; and now for the Trout or greedy Pike. Ah, what a strange thrill it is when we drag up with many a wary strain of hissing lines, the sparkling prey from that mysterious abyss!

When the noon comes with its sultry heats, we leave our finny sport for new refreshing in those cool depths. Delicious plunges! down! deep down, with eager eyes opened on the wave, we strive to pierce its secrets—but in vain. Many an hour we struggled and plashed through the 'freshning waters, until the hot sun would scorch our exposed backs, and the blistered skin peel from the writhing flesh. Evening, and the return through lengthening shadows with our burdens of fish carried between us, found our flagging steps drag heavily on the hilly way, and the late moon rose behind the tall chimneys as the "Rig House" came in welcome view!

Then there came, too, the long excursions in search for young Squirrels through the deep trackless heart of the wild forest—or

the Autumn to gather nuts, when for either we must climb to the loftiest of the hoary trees, and that with a lithe daring that would have curdled soberer blood.

With the winter came new sports, more hardy still—the long night hunts by stealth with the younger Darkies and their little cur dogs for the sulky "Possum." That was great sport to begin with—for we seldom ventured far from the skirts of the plantation for fear of getting lost, and we were not yet old enough to be promoted to sharing the dangerous horrors of the Coon Hunt with the grown negroes, because we could not keep up with their weary tramps.

But the Possum Hunt was our own affair, and we knew to manage it among ourselves. It all had to be done very quietly, and if a dog barked before we got clear out of ear-shot of the "Rig House" he got well kicked for it by all in reach—black or white. We dreaded betrayal in the least sound, and even the chunk of fire carried by the biggest Darkie was carefully sheltered by our hats and bodies, lest its tell-tale gleam might be seen. Once round the turn and fairly in the woods, we breathed freely, and might venture to raise our voices from the eager whispers of consultation to the more decided tones of decision and command—encouraging each other and the dogs—for "outer-darkness" is a great damper upon both boys and dogs!

Now we may cheer and even whoop, as we are beginning to enter the old field where the Persimmons grow, and wild grapes mat with their strong tendrils the scrubby thickets. Here the "Possums" resort to feast upon the fruits, and the "Ole Har" keeps his form too in the long grass and brier-patches; and every now and then with a sudden burst of screeching yelps, the little curs break away after a bounding fellow which they soon lose in the thickets. We do not care for these interruptions, for these little dogs cannot trail them far, and soon lose them in doubling through the briers. We have no fear that the noise they make will spoil our sport a great deal, for the sluggish Possum does not care to trust its heels much on the ground to run away, and we shall be apt to find it where it has come to feed on the Persimmons, or overtake it on the way. With many a shrill whoop and yell we cheer the dogs on to great activity, now that the great forage-

grounds are gained, and the game must be at hand.

Hark, a low, wary yelp—quick, short, half-smothered with hesitation and eagerness! There it goes, the gathering cry! Yelp, screech, quaver, whine!—they are bursting to let go their voices. Hurrah! the shrill yell rises from every throat at once; curs, boys, darkies, screeching altogether in one sharp sudden cry of savage exultation—then all is silent!

"Treed! treed!" yes, a short sullen bark is followed by another and another, as each dog comes up, and smelling at the tree satisfies himself that all is right! Now we plunge, tearing through the bush, regardless of briars and thorns, in the direction of these hounds, and soon we hear the eager whining of the dogs through all the noise of their barking. We are very close now, and bursting through the thicket come upon them all leaping up against a fence corner of the plantation. There, showing plain against the moon, and hanging by the tail from a limb of that bare Persimmon over the fence, we see the great grey Possum, savagely grinning at the scene below, with his long white teeth full bared!

Ha! ha! ha! what yells of merry laughter greet the grotesque sight! Some point their fingers at his shame-faced grins; some pelt him with rotten boughs, caught from the dry leaves at our feet, while the dogs yell louder still, and leaping against the tree and fence, fall back in scrambles between our legs. "Hayah! ole boy! what do dar grin-nin at dat moon? steal more ole hensuck, more eggs, nudder night, will you?" "Come out dat! dat curl-tail no hold when dis child climb?"—and up starts a young Darkie to shake him out.

"Yah! yah! see dat Possum laugh! Grin nudder side you's mout fore long, ole chicken thief!"

"Thathe he gosh! Shake hard, nigger! he hole on good we he curl-tail!"

"Ha! yah! whoop! hear he growl now! dat Possum laugh! Der he come!"

A simultaneous rush—screams, shrieks, growls, all mingled for an instant, while we beat off the dogs, and he is swung in triumph above their heads by the tallest of the party. Now the well known trick of the Possum in feigning to be dead affords new amusement, and he is surrounded by his merry torturers, who amidst noisy clamors tease him in a thousand ingenious ways to make him show signs of life; though all but the greener ones take good care not to give him *too* good a chance to bite, which he sometimes does with severity while thus "playing Possum."

Sometimes he is treed in a large tree, and then the fire must be built, and a serious job we have of it to get at him, but the attempt is seldom relinquished until success has attended it. The negroes take charge of the game on our return, and the next night there is a grand Possum roast at the quarter, in which we participate only on the sly, as had been with the hunt.

But to digress: Our teacher was an eccentric person, who, having been poor in his young days, had acquired a fondness for teaching which he had adopted then from necessity, but which continued to cling to him through his life, although his marriage had brought him a handsome fortune. He therefore kept up his school as an amateur, rather than from the necessities of the case. His plantation was a very extensive one, situated on the edge of a wild country, and his admirable school, the favored noted resort of the sons of the Southern gentry from far and near.

He was a good old man, that Father Hinton, and loved us all as his own children. We were allowed much more license, on parole of honor, than was usual at such places—the old gentleman even took a grotesque sort of pleasure, which he awkwardly attempted to conceal, in examining, commenting upon, and particularly in weighing and noting down the weight of our game, the legitimate produce of any and all our wild sports, except the night hunts, which were strictly interdicted.

I shall remember his appearance to my dying day, on one occasion of this sort.

We had made an unusually unsuccessful excursion to the distant bottomless spring mill-pond on one Saturday, and the next morning, which was Sunday, we were very eager to exhibit to him our trophies, of which we were very proud. He was a very zealous Presbyterian of the old school doctrine, and of course very strict in regard to his and our demeanor on the Sabbath. We were, therefore, a little afraid to parade our fish before him this morning; but there was one among the rest, a great white perch or trout, as it was incorrectly called in that locality, of such extraordinary size and width, with the capture of which, too, there was such a ridiculous story of mishaps to me connected, that all my comrades were bursting with eagerness to tell it before Mr. Hinton.

They would not venture, however, to take the fish to him before breakfast, because there was no opportunity, as we were always marched out in solemn procession from morning prayers to the breakfast table, which was placed in a long and wide passage

of the large house. The fish, however, were hung in a grand cluster against a pillar which stood near the head of the table, in such a position that his eye must necessarily fall upon them as he took his accustomed position to pronounce the grace standing.

Now Mr. Hinton was a person of genuine dignity of character, and we stood in great awe of the earnest solemnity of manner with which he always addressed himself to the observances of his religion, but the story with regard to the capture of the great trout had got all among the boys, and the sight of it paraded so ostentatiously, now caused a general disposition to titter, which was even ill suppressed as our teacher assumed his place. He had not chanced to notice it, and raised his hands reverentially, and the habit of respect for his tall and thin, but commanding presence in these solemn functions, for the instant hushed every one breathlessly. It was his well known habit to hold his eyes reverentially closed during the pronouncement of the somewhat lengthy benediction, and I am sorry to say that it had been a general habit, too, among the worst of us, to seize irreverentially this occasion to snatch, in wanton mischief, sundry articles of food from the dishes before us, which would be transferred to our pockets, or else to throw a crust of bread across the table, and hit a neighbor on the nose, or pull the ear of the servant girls in waiting, or indeed perform any other ingenious antics which did not require too much time, or cause too great a noise!

No sooner did the good man close his eyes than there was so general a movement of heads and hands, and such loud whispering and noisy attempts to choke down laughter, that with all his Sunday-morning solemnity he could not help hearing, and accordingly cut short the grace in time to open his eyes upon the most vivid and interesting tableau conceivable of grins, grimaces, hob-nobbing heads, and pointing of fingers, following the directions of which involuntarily his eye rested first upon my unlucky self, and then upon the monster trout against the pillar, as the causes of this ill-timed hubbub. He started somewhat as his eye took in its size, and the severe frown gathering upon his brow was contradicted by a slight nervous twitch of relaxation at the corner of his mouth. Our watchful eyes detected instantly this favorable sign, and there was one general burst of smothered laughter from all sides, above which rose the stern command of "Silence! What does this mean, young gentlemen?"

But it was too late now for authority to be regained at once, and peal after peal of unrestrainable laughter set order at defiance. But fortunately for the delinquents the good man's eyes seemed to wander, abstractedly drawn by some irresistible attraction towards the trout. Suddenly he muttered as if to himself—

"Why, as I live, that fish must weigh more than ten pounds;" and forgetting all our outrageous conduct for the moment, he strode across the passage, took down his little spring balance which he always used for such purposes, and, to our increased amusement and delight, proceeded immediately to satisfy himself as to the weight.

"Twelve pounds!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, "whew, prodigious! Greatest trout ever taken at the Spring-pond since my memory!" then replacing fish and scales, he turned and looked sharply along the table, while the hubbub was silenced in an instant.

"You Charles, Henry, Tom, you will all three remain after school to-morrow-morning!" This was said with a severity that chilled the hearts of those of us named: for remaining "after school" was well known to portend punishment of some sort. However, by the time the terrible hour of judgment came, the whole story of the capture having reached his ears, he was evidently more disposed at that awful moment, when all the other boys had vanished, and we were left alone with him to receive sentence, to laugh at the affair himself than to be severe with us. So we got off with a slight reproof.

The incident which had caused so much fun was this. During the whole day of Saturday there had been a match going on among us all as to who should catch the most and largest fish. It so happened that I had either not been in the mood for fishing, or had been in poor luck; for I had caught little or nothing.

As evening closed, the party embarked in the boat to return across the pond, and were quizzing me most unmercifully for my poor success, and I, in return, making empty boasts—which I had no dream of realizing, as I stood in the bow, idly lashing the water with my line—that I would surely catch a larger fish than all theirs put together, before we reached the other shore. There was no bait on my hook, and there seemed surely no great probability of my performing any such miracle. Our boat was slowly winding among the buried logs of which I have spoken, when suddenly, as my line dropped in our wake, the gleam of the leaden sinkers caught the eye of a huge fish which made

its lair under the logs, and in a twinkling I was jerked head-foremost into the water amidst the laughing shouts of my companions, who understood the thing in an instant, and some one shouted comfortingly in my ear, as I rose sputtering from the sudden plunge, "Ha, ha! I think the fish has caught you instead! Hold on to him! hold on!"

The fish was secured after a desperate struggle with our united force; and, as I was yet quite a little fellow, the joke of my having been "caught by the fish" was too good a one not to tell for a long time among such boys!

We had skating, too, in the winter, and many a wild scene there was when we were flying like squads of swallows hither and yon upon the ice. There were some winters when extraordinary floods came in the early part of the season, and then the whole forest, on the lowest side of the plantation, would be flooded, and its trunks stand several feet deep in the clear water. The change of a night or two would freeze this over suddenly, and then such a time!

The earliest dawn of Saturday found us afoot with preparation, for we had scarcely slept for eagerness through that long, dull night of Friday! Such clanking of skates, as we set off in a run, with a cold bite for breakfast in our hands, and some more stuffed into our pockets for dinner! This was too great a time to think much of eating.

Away across the wide, bare fields, or scrambling over the rough, hard frozen, ploughed ground, in our thick boots which made great clamor in the crisp, clear morning air, we hurried with smoking nostrils and thick gloved hands. Our bodies, just from the warm bed, were almost cut in two at first by the cold scythe of that winter's breath, in its wide, keen sweep across the open fields; but soon we reach the shelter of the heavy wood, and then our blood comes glowing warm again back to the tingling surface, and, with eager shouts, we greet the strange scene.

Sunrise is streaming now down through the dark trunks in many a line of rosy light that is reflected, in sharp, broken blazes, far and wide from the dark, aerial mirror underneath that holds that mighty forest, all glory-tipped, reversed in its hard, dreary bosom. The fire is soon built to warm our freezing fingers, while the skates are fitted, but it seems a fearful thing to trust ourselves out on mid-air thus,—for so, to our awed sense that dark, transcendent depth appears, as we glide above its mysteries, almost of our own volition,

"and yet no footing seen."

Motion soon dispels the chill of awe, and now, with hardy eagerness, we spring away in facile glide among the great trees, and soon we dart, and wind, and fly, as in that marvellous sense of motion without wings, in overcoming space, that sometimes visits us in dream. Oh, how rapturous that strange ecstasy of speed! We flew past walls of trunks,—ran into each other,—we circled like thoughts, whirling as mountain-winds are eddied into the light and out, like glimmering shadows dimmed, while the ringing clangor of our steel-shod heels receded in soft moaning from our swift way.

So sped our lives. Winter and summer as a vision goes, until the time came at last when we must leave that old place, some of us for wider scenes of busy strife out in the great world of men, and others for college. Ah, with what fond regrets, my memory revisits those rude and pleasant scenes. They are near the last of those still-life pictures where the soul rests calmly in the past.

Now the action thickens, as the opening turmoil hourly includes new scenes, new experiences, with diversifying excitement, rousing deeper passions. The boy is not yet all a boy, and the consciousness of strange yearnings and new ambitions begins to move his breast with undefined wonder.

COME near me, WIFE, I fare the better far,
For the sweet food of thy divine advice,
Let no man value at a little price
A virtuous woman's counsel; her wing'd spirit
Is feather'd oftentimes with heavenly words;
And, like her beauty, ravishing and pure.

CHAPMAN.

JENNY LIND IN AMERICA.

IT is in the destiny of the United States, as we have been called upon more than once to observe, to undergo a "flurry," or general disturbance, periodically. It matters little what the moving cause may be: it is not even necessary that the object of the movement should be understood by the mass of the people. Certain persons, whether of the press in its regular organization, or volunteers in the puffing and advertising departments, self-appointed bell-wethers of the flock, no sooner tinkle the bell than the whole community is put upon the scamper, and away they hurry over fence, hill, brook, and brier, in breathless pursuit. Among the most tumultuous of these general movements, that which has lately arisen in connexion with M^{lle} Lind is not the least remarkable. As if to try the vague excitability of our people by the ultimate test, she voluntarily foregoes on her visit to this country, her most intelligible accomplishments, declines to appear upon the stage, and confines herself almost exclusively to selections of Italian music; which are the remotest from the sympathies, and least apprehensible to the culture of the American community. Thousands rush to the concert room from every quarter; plain folk, farmers and their wives, goodly deacons, even those who have steadily set their faces against all this thing in every form, pour in from town and country; and although they care very little for Jenny Lind and Italian music in themselves, they have heard the bell ring, and are determined to find where the clapper lies. Packed and piled up in swarms, they sit the night through, listening to what they do not understand—there is a modicum of applause (for how can they applaud unless they know something of what they are applauding)—and the thousands drain off, as from the contemplation of a mysterious mirage, or bewildering and unsatisfactory meteor. What amount of money; of dressing; of coaching and carrying; of fanning and flowering; of telegraph and quill, have been

expended on this last excitement, heaven only knows.

And now as practical persons—we take the liberty to ask—with all respect for the enterprise which brought M^{lle} Lind to this country, and for the undoubted good gifts of that worthy lady—What have we to show for all this enormous expenditure? We do not ask for any physical or palpable result. But what can we recall of genuine emotion, of heart-delight, of honest self-respectful enjoyment, derived from and connected with this boundless uproar? Is the cause of the opera advanced a jot among us? Are the real prospects of American music bettered? Has there been a single seed dropped into the ground during this ceaseless and unwearied harrowing of the public, which promises to bear fruit and to live? Or has it been merely a wind sweeping the country, leaving that bare and barren which it found so?

For our own parts, regarding the whole excitement as altogether disproportioned to the occasion, we think it much more likely to work an injury than an advantage, as helping to establish false standards of judgment, and accustoming our people to a habit of becoming the prey to mere notoriety and clamor. We should at least attempt to cultivate sufficient self-respect to understand why it is and what it is that we are called on to admire, applaud, expend, and immolate ourselves for. Let us at least be sure whether our gods are of wood, stone, or hay and stubble; and whether they are inspired by the divine afflatus or not. It is a small business for a great nation to allow itself to be roused up thus from one end to the other by foreign agencies; to lend itself to inordinate excitements on trust; and, after all is over—till the next time—to not be able to give the least account to itself of what all this hubbub has been about. It strikes us that any one caught in this condition—when his false fever has subsided—must look very like a great fool.

I applaud

In thee the virtuous hope that dares look onward,
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action:
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance,
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee.

COLERIDGE.

THE HUNDRED AND ONE PICTURES OF TARDIF, THE FRIEND OF GILLOT.*

ONE of the most celebrated amateurs of pictures in France at the end of the seventeenth century, was a certain Tardif, by profession an engineer, and afterwards secretary to Marshal Boufflers. He was the friend of Largillière, of Watteau, and of Audran, but especially of Gillot. His criticisms went right to the mark. When a picture was finished, none ventured to pass a verdict on its merits until Tardif had seen it; his opinion was, so to speak, the finishing touch of the brush. Watteau himself, who laughed at criticism, said, when laying down his brush before a newly finished *Fête Galante*, "There is a masterpiece; if Tardif were here, I would sign it." Tardif had one of the finest cabinet collections in Paris—Rue Git-le-Cœur, No. 1. Marshal Boufflers, aware of his secretary's passion, gave him, every year, as a new year's gift, a picture from the hand of a master. Tardif himself, out of his patrimonial fortune, had purchased pictures from his friends, the living painters, and by his friends, the dead ones. So renowned was his cabinet that one day the Duke of Orleans went to visit it with Nocé, which filled up the measure of Tardif's mania. Nevertheless, if the worthy man had been guilty but of this one extravagance—which at least was evidence of a noble aspiration to the poetry of the beautiful—he might have retained wherewith to live respectably till the end of his days. Unfortunately, he fell into another folly, and suffered himself to be duped by the scheme of Law. This is tantamount to saying that he lost, in that revolution of French fortunes, all that he had—except his pictures.

It was essential, however, to find means of living. Most people would have got rid of their pictures; Tardif got rid of his servants. "Go, my friends," he said, "go into the world, where money is to be earned; henceforward my household must consist of persons who do not eat; my pictures will keep me company." Tardif was old, the passions of life had no further hold upon his heart, a ray of sun was all he needed to live happily in his cabinet.

He had some wine remaining; he went down to his cellar and found with joy that his wine, now that he should no longer keep open house, would last longer than himself;

that he might even, on gay anniversaries, summon Watteau and Audran to make merry with him amidst the melodious tinkle of the bottles. As he came up from the cellar, a bottle in each hand, he met old Gillot on the stairs. "Watteau and Audran, well and good," said Tardif; "but, Gillot! the barrel of the Danaïdes?" Before he had finished the words, the old wine-loving painter had seized a bottle and pressed it tenderly to his heart. "My poor old Gillot, here is what I have left." "Well!" said Gillot, "every man his bottle."

For Gillot's farthest glance into futurity never reached the morrow. "Tardif," continued he, "you know that I have come to dine with you?" "With all my heart, Gillot, but there is no great matter for dinner."

They went in. Tardif put a piece of bread upon the table. "The devil!" cried Gillot, unfolding his napkin, "your style of living will soon rid you of parasites."

Tardif, however, munched his bread with good appetite whilst gazing around him at his dear pictures. "What matter!" he exclaimed; "henceforth it is not this bread and wine that will compose my repast; I will breakfast with a Teniers and a Ruysdael, dine with a Vandyck or a Murillo, sup with a Santerre or a Watteau. On grand festivals, I will treat myself to my Paul Veronese; when my spirits or appetite are bad, I will nibble your gay little masterpieces, friend Gillot." "Well said," cried Gillot, filling his glass. "If all these masterpieces were mine, I would eat them too; but in such wise that in a few years not one of them should remain. Take my advice, Tardif, and do not seclude yourself from the world with these dumb personages who already seem to mock you. Dame Nature did not give you a mouth that you should feed yourself on chimeras. You will be like the dog in the fable, who eats his shadow and goes mad." "As you please, friend Gillot. If you dislike my mode of living, you will not return to my table. For my part, I find my spirit more hungry than my flesh."

As good as his word, Tardif persisted in living on bread and wine in the midst of his pictures. He gave his watch and seals to a fishwoman who opened oysters at a tavern-door opposite his windows, on condition that each morning she should bring him his bread, make his bed, and sweep his room.

* [Translated in *Blackwood* from a new collection of papers "Philosophes and Comédiennes" by ARSENE HOUSSAYE.]

This woman had some remains of that sort of beauty, consisting chiefly of youthful freshness, which usually departs at five-and-twenty—or even sooner when the possessor is an oyster-seller at a wine-house door. She sang merrily the day through, and laughed continually with all the power of her red lips and white teeth. With her cap on one side, her short petticoat and her joyous humor, she was a picture the more in the gallery, and not the worst of the collection.

Such was the state of affairs when Tardif, who at long intervals showed himself in society, met, at the house of Abbé le Ragois, the grammarian—who had been a frequent visitor at the Hôtel Boufflers when Tardif was the marshal's secretary—the Rev. Father Dequet, a Jesuit, celebrated in those days, and procurator of the novitiate of the Faubourg St. Germain. Tardif, who remarked this holy man hovering about him, would fain have departed, in obedience to a vague presentiment; but, before he could do so, the reverend father got Abbé le Ragois to present him to Tardif.

"Sir," said Father Dequet, "I have heard from my friend that you possess one of the most curious cabinets of pictures in the world: will you not do me the favor to open your door to me? Pictures are the only profane pleasure I allow myself."

Tardif, who disliked visitors, and did not greatly esteem Jesuits, yet did not dare decline the visit of Father Dequet, who went to see him two days later, accompanied by Abbé le Ragois. He praised everything, the Magdalens as well as the Virgins, the Bacchantes as well as the Magdalens, with an expansive enthusiasm which intoxicated the old amateur. "I own to you," said he to Father Dequet, "that I am not exactly prepossessed in favor of the Jesuits. Your morality is far from being that of the gospel; your manner of interpreting the Scriptures is very different from mine. But, in my eyes, you are now no longer of the congregation; you are a lover of pictures, and, as such, you will always be welcome here."

The reverend father often returned to feast his eyes in Tardif's cabinet, and little by little Tardif came to consider him as a friend. His other friends—his old, his true friends, those who drank his wine and talked to him of old times—took leave to laugh a little at his infatuation with Father Dequet, and foretold to him that he and his pictures would end by enrolling themselves in the order of the Jesuits. He laughed himself, and appeared quite easy as to his fate.

On the other hand, Father Dequet did not lose his time. With evangelical mildness he pointed out to Tardif the dangers of soli-

tude to the possessor of pictures of such great merit and value. With discreet, but seductive hand, he half opened to him the gates of the novitiate of the Faubourg St. Germain. "There need be no change in your habits; you may live like a pagan if you please, as you now do. If you fall ill, no strangers will approach your sickbed, for we shall all be there—we who are the brothers of him who suffers. You will no longer have to fear being plundered—a picture, you know, is carried off as easily as a book—we will prepare you a large bedroom, in which you can hang up the whole of your hundred and one pictures."

"A hundred and one!—you have counted them then?" said Tardif slyly to Father Dequet.

"Counted—not so," replied the Jesuit, hesitatingly. "If I know the number so accurately, it is because you told it me." He saw that he had ventured too far, and that the moment was not yet come; he hastened to beat a retreat, to avoid being totally routed. "My friendship blinds me, perhaps," said he mournfully. "My sole desire, my friend, is that you may live long without uneasiness about your dear pictures. Believe me, you have too much confidence in your neighbors: for instance, that oyster-woman, who enters here at all hours, coming and going without control—who knows what tricks she may play you? Would you believe it, my friend, I have seen her three or four times at the picture-dealer's on the bridge of Notre Dame?"

Tardif gave a leap like a wounded deer; the shot had hit the mark. "Gersaint!" exclaimed he, "a scoundrel who prevented Watteau from selling me his finest *Fête Galante*, Cytherea Besieged. If ever she enters his house again, she shall never re-enter mine."

"But, my friend, you will not know it; your legs are no longer good enough to follow yonder woman, and she will take care not to tell you whither she goes or whence she comes."

"You are right, my dear friend."

"*Mon Dieu!* it was Father Ragois who opened my eyes on that score."

"But, if I dismiss her, who will bring me my bread, go to the cellar, and make my bed?"

"That is easily managed—I will send you some one from the Novitiate."

"All things considered, I would rather be my own servant; for I have already told you that, with the exception of a few superior minds, like you and Le Ragois, I have little love for the priesthood. Nevertheless, now that I am aware of a real danger, the woman

shall come here no more; nor will I allow any one, with the exception of two or three faithful friends, to penetrate into my beloved sanctuary."

Accordingly, Tardif told the oyster-woman he had no further need of anybody's services; and from that day forward he lived in strict solitude, fancying that all his neighbors, and all the persons whom he saw from his window pass along the street, were engrossed with the sole idea of making their way into his apartment, and carrying off his pictures.

Each morning he went down stairs himself to fetch his bread; he spoke to no one. Did he venture as far as a neighboring picture-dealer's to recall the happy time when he still was a picture-buyer, the key of his house was clutched in his trembling hand. As often as he met the oyster-woman he turned away his head, not to hear what she said to him. "Ah! my poor Mr. Tardif, it is my notion that you are going mad: the black-gowns have troubled your eyesight, the crows have flown across your path—my songs were well worth any that they sing you."

"'Tis true," said poor Tardif to himself, "but my pictures!" Yet he could not help regretting those still recent days, when the oyster-woman's visits imparted cheerfulness to his apartment and to his heart.

One night Father Dequet asked him if he had any heirs. "Yes," was the reply, "I have heirs—a brother and a sister: my brother has some property; my sister has a great many children, and that is all she has. I am grieved to have lost everything by Law's scheme. But for that, I could the sooner have proved to her children how much I love their mother."

Father Dequet walked three or four times round the cabinet, pausing, with a sigh, before each picture.

"Is it not a thousand pities," murmured he, "that so precious a cabinet must one day be dispersed!"

"Never!" cried Tardif.

"Simple man," continued the Jesuit, "what do you suppose your nephews and grand-nephews will do with your pictures?"

"You are right. The Burgundians love color, but only in their wine."

"Yes, my poor Tardif, they will sell your pictures to the highest bidder. Some will go to your enemy Gersaint; others to some Jew, who will hide them and deprive them of the light they live by. Some will go to America, some to China; and this beautiful Banquet by Veronese—who knows whether it will not be exposed for sale upon the quays?"

Tardif was pale as death. "You torture me," said he to the Jesuit, and clasped his hands together in agony. In his turn he made the circuit of the cabinet, gazing despairingly on his pictures. "Do you know," said he, on a sudden, turning to Father Dequet, "at night, when I do not sleep, which often happens, a strange desire—which I dare avow to no one—comes into my head, and that is, to build a subterranean gallery where I might bury myself with my pictures. But it is madness; and, besides, I am diverted from the design by the thought that these beautiful works of art would never see the sun again. But, for heaven's sake, my dear friend, let us speak of that no more. You have put me in a fever; I shall eat no supper to night."

Father Dequet departed, leaving Tardif in the anguish of despondency. The poor man went to bed half dead. Next morning he was in a high fever. He would receive no one—not even his friend Gillot, his good genius.

The second day the fever was still more violent; death itself was knocking at Tardif's door. He did not open it, but Death remained upon the threshold, and entered with Father Dequet when he next called. Tardif's head already wandered. He had no water left, and craved a drink. "Ah! my poor friend," said Father Dequet, "I little thought to find you in your bed."

The Jesuit went down himself to fetch water. When Tardif had drunk, he expressed his gratitude, but in so altered a voice, and in such singular terms, that Father Dequet said to himself: "This is the last stage." For two entire hours he remained assiduously by the sick man's pillow, striving to subjugate the now enfeebled mind which had so long repelled his caresses. What he said to the dying man, none ever knew. What is certain is, that at the end of the two hours, Father Dequet was in possession of the following eloquent lines, in Tardif's hand-writing:—

"I give all my pictures to the Novitiate of the Jesuites, in consideration of my friend, Father Dequet, who is at liberty to take them away at once.

"TARDIF.

"*Paris, 20th May, 1728.*"

Father Dequet was not the man to await Tardif's decease before appropriating his treasures. His first care was, not to take the viaticum to the dying man, nor yet to run for a physician or apothecary; neither the soul nor the body of Tardif touched his heart—his sensibility was entirely engrossed by the pictures. No sooner had he obtained

the written donation than he went out, collected a dozen idlers who were on the lookout for a job, took them up to Tardif's room, and ordered them, whilst the poor man lay moaning in his bed, to carry away the pictures. With a dogged avidity, he himself took them down from the wall. The little Flemish gems, scarce larger than the hand, he laid aside to carry away in a hackney coach. The men he had brought could take but sixty pictures at one journey. He took away twenty-one in his hackney coach, thus leaving twenty in Tardif's room. He did not even tell him he was going away. From time to time, whilst taking down the pictures, he cast a furtive glance at the bed, and made sure that the poor man was becoming more and more delirious.

Meanwhile, the whole neighborhood was indignant at this profanation, this impiety, this sacrilege committed by the reverend father. But as, after all, for some months past, Tardif would have nothing to say to any of his neighbors, and as none interested themselves in an old madman, secluded from the world in a room full of pictures, the spoliation was allowed to proceed,—just as, on the stake, people suffer crimes innumerable to be committed, without thinking of interference.

The morning wore on: Father Dequet did not return. Doubtless he had to get ready a room at the Novitiate for the pictures, the majority of which were not very Catholic in subject. Suddenly Tardif, rousing himself from a doze, put his head out of bed, and called for Father Dequet. For the first time in his life he felt frightened at the stillness around him. He asked himself if he were already in the tomb. He hurried into his cabinet. Seeing the walls bare, he shouted, "Thieves!" ran to the window, opened it, tore his hair, and called to the oyster-woman, who was seated, as usual, at the tavern door, smiling at her customers as they ate her oysters and drank her health. When Tardif called her, she left her chair, and went under his window.

"Make haste!" cried Tardif, "don't you see I am dying; and if that were all—but they have stolen my pictures!"

The oyster-woman went up stairs; she bore no malice, and, besides, she had always liked Tardif, because he told her stories, and talked to her of her fine eyes. When she reached his room, she found him senseless on the floor. She took him in her arms and carried him to his bed. "He must not be left to die like a dog," said she to herself. When the sick man opened his eyes, there she was with her eternal smile. She had sent for a doctor, who soon made his appear-

ance, and who saw that Tardif could not get through the night.

"Have you any family?" he inquired.

"They have taken everything," replied the dying man, "the best are gone; a few remain, but what is that!"

This was all the information that could be got from Tardif.

Gillot came in. At sight of his friend, poor Tardif seemed visited by a gleam of intelligence! "Ah! my dear Gillot, why have you been so long without coming to see me? There are still a few bottles waiting for us in the cellar, bedded in the dust, as I soon shall be myself. As for me, I am now but an empty bottle." Gillot took the sick man by the hand, and tried to prove to him that he would recover.

"I am no doctor, my dear Tardif, but if you take my advice, you will send for four bottles of wine—one for me, one for you, one for your physician, and one for Death, should he make his appearance."

"Well spoken!" cried the oyster-woman, "only you forget that I am here."

Tardif smiled his pleasant smile, as in the good days then gone by. But suddenly he grew deadly pale. "My pictures! my pictures! my pictures! You have stolen all my pictures!" He raised himself in his bed, but fell back again exhausted. These were the last words he spoke. Gillot and the oyster-woman watched beside him all that evening, and all that night. They drank his wine—of that there can be no doubt—but that was all they had of his inheritance.

At daybreak, Tardif breathed his last. The previous evening, when he was already fast sinking, Father Dequet came to take away the remainder of the pictures. The oyster-woman undertook to receive him in a manner worthy the fishmarket. Gillot, saddened though he was by the approaching death of his friend Tardif, could not help taking pleasure in the honest woman's vivid and picturesque eloquence. Father Dequet, who would fain have pushed aside the oyster-woman, to reach the sick bed—or rather the picture-gallery—was sharply repulsed. He departed, resolved soon to return with an army of lawyers. Gillot had written to Tardif's relations. The brother of the dead man, happening to be on a journey to Paris, came to call upon him the very day of his death. Gillot informed him of all that had passed, and advised him to plead against the Jesuits for the recovery of the pictures, being persuaded that so respectable a body would never dare defend such an action.

"What I have just narrated," says M. Houssaye by way of *envoy* to his tale, "is

but the preface of a celebrated trial, to be found in the twelfth volume of the edition of Riche, the parliament advocate who collected the pleadings in all the curious trials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The edition, dated 1776, was published at Amsterdam by Marc-Michel Rey. The affair of the hundred and one pictures occupies but twenty-seven pages—445 to 470.

"After three audiences, of two hours each, the reverend Jesuit fathers of the Novitiate were condemned to restore the pictures, and to pay the value of those which they alleged to be lost. The judgment was rendered on the 9th of August, 1729. There was no appeal.

"There were remarked amongst the

witnesses, the *Sieur Gillot*, painter to the opera, and the *Demoiselle Marie Anne Vatout*, oyster-woman, who were considered to be the best supporters of the heirs."

"The pictures reverted to the heirs, who had a sale of them, which made some noise at the time. What has become of those masterpieces, cherished by Tardif as the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart? I have fallen in with a head, full of light and spirit, unsigned, but which betrays the gay, rich brush of Gillot. On the back of the pannel are to be distinctly read the words—*COLLECTION TARDIF*. Poor man! If he knew that his joys and sorrows have been appreciated—more than a hundred years after his death!"

MRS. BROWNING'S ITALIAN POEM.

THE love of Italy displayed in Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi Windows* is a philosophical sentiment, true both to the thought and the heart, to the closet and the field. The cloistered poetess of meditation "fancy free" comes forth from her seclusion, the world of books, the historians of old Rome, the chroniclers of the Middle Ages, the Italy of Lorenzo and the painters, of Michael Angelo and Milton—to the open air of the present day with a mind braced by either condition. It is one of the charms of her new poem, this interlacing of the old and the new, the mingling of thought and action, the musing of the lyre, the "war-demonstrating" blast of the trumpet. The poem is a wilderness of poetic beauties in which you linger now under a solemn grove, anon play with the sunlight on fairy meadow, or quitting the leafy shelter, stand with a firmer step on the rocky wall of a mighty flowing river. There is no tenderness which can surpass the solicitudes of a deeply poetic mind. The imagination is as anxious for its airy children of thought as the fondest maternity for its offspring. There are hope and fear, delicacy and strength embodied in this view of a great thought threading the history of a great people. Liberty and Rome! How the ideas vary, though the words remain the same. Mrs. Browning's is the latest born Christian conception of these mighty sounds. There was a time when they meant paganism, or conquest, or superstition.

WHAT'S ITALY?

"Less wretched if less fair," perhaps a truth is so far plain in this—that Italy,
Long trammelled with the purple of her youth

Against her age's due activity,

Sate still upon her graves, without the ruth
Of death, but also without energy

And hope of life. "What's Italy?" men
ask:

And others answer, "Virgil, Cicero,
Catullus, Cæsar." And what more? to task
The memory closer—"Why, Boccaccio,
Dante, Petrarca,"—and if still the flask

Appears to yield its wine by drops too slow,—
"Angelo, Raffael, Pergolese,"—all
Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or
charged, again,

Cloth-threads with fire of souls electrical,
Or broke up heaven for music. What more
then?

Why, then, no more. The chaplet's last
beads fall

In naming the last saintship within ken,
And, after that, none prayeth in the land.

Alas, this Italy has too long swept

Heroic ashes up for hour-glass sand;
Of her own past, impassioned nympholept!

Consenting to be nailed by the hand
To the same bay-tree under which she stepped

A queen of old, and plucked a leafy branch;
And licensing the world too long, indeed,

To use her broad phylacteries to staunch
And stop her bloody lips, which took no heed
How one quick breath would draw an avalanche

Of living sons around her, to succeed

The vanished generations. Could she count
Those oil-eaters, with large, live, mobile mouths
Agape for maccaroni, in the amount

Of consecrated heroes of her south's

Bright rosary? The pitcher at the fount,
The gift of gods, being broken,—why, one
loathes

To let the ground-leaves of the place confer
A natural bowl. And thus, she chose to seem
No nation, but the poet's pensioner,

With alms from every land of song and dream ;
While her own pipers sweetly piped of her,
Until their proper breaths, in that extreme
Of sighing, split the reed on which they
played !

Of which, no more : but never say " no more "
To Italy ! Her memories undismayed
Say rather " evermore "—her graves implore
Her future to be strong and not afraid—
Her very statues send their looks before !

What higher poetic life can be put into
language than in that characterization of the
three arts, Sculpture, Painting, and Music :

" All

Whose strong hearts beat through stone, or
charged, again,
Cloth-threads with fire of souls electrical,
Or broke up heaven for music."

We have seen the influences of art, of
history, in this poetic disenfranchisement of the
spirit of modern liberty.

This is the eloquent vindication of the
Past. How touching, after its triumphant
appeal to Marathon and the martyrs—the
simple allusion to herself and the " dead
masters :"—

Cold graves, we say ? it shall be testified
That living men who throb in heart and train,
Without the dead, were colder. If we tried
To sink the past beneath our feet, be sure
The future would not stand. Precipitate
This old roof from the shrine—and, insecure,
The nesting swallows fly off, mate from mate.
Scant were the gardens, if the graves were
fewer !

And the green poplars grew no longer
straight,
Whose tops not looked to Troy. Why, who
would fight

For Athens, and not swear by Marathon ?
Who would build temples, without tombs in
sight ?

Who live, without some dead man's benison ?
Who seek truth, hope for good, or strive for
right,

If, looking up, he saw not in the sun
Some angel of the martyrs, all day long
Standing and waiting ! your last rhythms
will need

The earliest key-note. Could I sing this song,
If my dead masters had not taken heed
To help the heavens and earth to make me
strong,

As the wind ever will find out some reed,
And touch it to such issues as belong
To such a frail thing ? Who denies the dead,
Libations from full cups ? Unless we choose
To look back to the hills behind us spread,
The plains before us sadden and confuse !
If orphaned, we are disinherited.

Nature, too, must bear her part in this
and every genuine poem. But the nature of

Italy is learned and consecrate. It is Mil-
ton's, Galileo's, Petrarch's. Select and
choicely framed is the picture of

VALLOMBROSA.

And Vallombrosa, we too went to see
Last June, beloved companion,—where sub-
lime

The mountains live in holy families,
And the slow pinewoods ever elimb and
climb

Half up their breasts ; just stagger as they
seize

Some grey crag—drop back with it many a
time,

And straggle blindly down the the precipice !

The Vallombrosan brooks were strewn as
thick

That June-day, knee-deep, with dead beechen
leaves,

As Milton saw them ere his heart grew sick,
And his eyes blind. I think the monks and
beeves

Are all the same too : scarce they have
changed the wick

On good St. Gaulbert's altar, which receives

The convent's pilgrims ; and the pool in
front

Wherein the hill-stream trout are cast, to wait

The beatific vision, and the grunt

Used at refectory, keeps its weedy state,

To baffle saintly abbots, who would count

The fish across their breviary, nor 'bate

The measure of their steps, O waterfalls

And forests ! sound and silence ! mountains
bare,

That leap up peak by peak, and catch the
palls

Of purple and silver mist, to rend and share

With one another, at electric calls

Of life in the sunbeams,—till we cannot dare

Fix your shapes, learn your number ! we
must think

Your beauty and your glory helped to fill

The eup of Milton's soul so to the brink,

That he no more was thirsty when God's will

Had shattered to his sense the last chain-link

By which he drew from Nature's visible

The fresh well-water. Satisfied by this,

He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled,

Remembering Vallombrosa. Therefore is

The place divine to English man and child—

We all love Italy.

That northern love of Italy—it is Ameri-
ca's too, is further set forth in another fancy-
tinctured soliloquy :—

OUR ITALY.

Our Italy's

The darling of the earth—the treasury, piled

With reveries of gentle ladies, flung

Aside, like ravelled silk, from life's worn stuff—

With coins of scholars's fancy, which, being
rung

On work-day counter, still sound silver-proof—

In short, with all the dreams of dreamers
 young,
 Before their heads have time for slipping off
 Hope's pillow to the ground. How oft,
 indeed,
 We all have sent our souls out from the north,
 On bare white feet which would not print nor
 bleed,
 To climb the Alpine passes and look forth,
 Where the low murmuring Lombard rivers
 lead
 Their bee-like way to gardens almost worth
 The sight which thou and I see afterward
 From Tuscan Bellosguardo,* wide awake.
 When standing on the actual, blessed sward
 Where Galileo stood at nights to take
 The vision of the stars, we find it hard,
 Gazing upon the earth and heaven, to make
 A choice of beauty. Therefore let us all
 In England, or in any other land
 Refreshed once by the fountain-rise and fall

Of dreams of this fair south,—who understand
 A little how the Tuscan musical
 Vowels do round themselves, as if they planned
 Eternities of separate sweetness,—we
 Who loved Sorrento vines in picture-book,
 Or ere in wine-cup we pledged faith or
 glee—
 Who loved Rome's wolf, with demi-gods at
 suck,
 Or ere we loved truth's own divinity,—
 Who loved, in brief, the classic hill and brook,
 And Ovid's dreaming tales, and Petrarch's
 song,
 Or ere we loved Love's self!—why, let us give
 The blessing of our souls, and wish them
 strong
 To bear it to the height where prayers arrive,
 When faithful spirits pray against a wrong;
 To this great cause of southern men, who strive
 In God's name for man's rights, and shall not
 fail!

SCENES ON THE AMAZON.

MR. WARREN, a young gentleman of this city, bent upon the novelty and instruction of foreign travel, one day, or rather one evening, he does not tell us exactly when, found himself in equatorial regions entering the spacious river of the Amazons. Para, the northern pendant to Buenos Ayres, was his destination, bound thither for health, he tells us, and the pursuits of natural history—the latter being one of those agreeable incidents of the place which converts the empty amusement of sporting into the dignity of a scientific pursuit. You shoot monkeys, you devastate flocks of ibis and herds of toucan and flamingoes, you pickle centipedes,—thinking all the while you are engaged in an honorable and influential employment—and you talk of your relaxations in a hammock, or under a veranda, the luscious fruit of your orchard and your bath in the stream, as if you had acquired a right to indulgence by extraordinary and meritorious exertions.

We should think, from Mr. Warren's sketches, that life at the equator is a perpetual holiday. Paradise was but a symbol of Para. You are enveloped in a genial atmosphere "of such exceeding purity, so aromatic with the incense of flowers, of such delicious blandness, that it is truly a luxury to breathe it." Consumption is not the disease of the tropics; you may be carried off however, we presume, by a bilious fever. Everything that is gorgeous and superb in the animal or vegetable creation is about

you. The traveller riots in the midst of superfluous life and color. The birds flit across the vision like the colors of the kaleidoscope, and even the maidens, divested of the pallor of the north, bloom a warm, moist olive.

Mr. Warren was entertained liberally by the American and Scottish merchants at Para. There are no hotels in the place, though it has a population of fifteen thousand. An old gentleman, the father of a quondam fellow-pupil on the Hudson, puts at the disposal of the traveller a rural seat, on the edge of the city—the Roscenia de Nazere—with unlimited privilege of fruity garden, wood, water, and animal and insect life in abundance. Sketches of residence at this spot, with some island and river episodes, fill up the most pleasing portion of the volume. There is a little interest, too, about the attendants, "old Vincenti" and his black Maria, the hunter Iraquim, and a faint attempt, repeated at intervals throughout the book, with rather indifferent success, to get up a "Fayaway," after the style of the romantic nautical Herman Melville. All travellers in the tropics are bound henceforth, it would appear, to be voluptuous, and as inquisitive of the garments or no garments of beauty, as a cold-blooded New England editor discussing the Bloomer costume. There is, of course, a truth in local description, to be observed equally by the narrator at the poles or the equator, and a sevenfold enveloped Esquimaux and a thinly-cinctured Marquesan are alike matters of fact and propriety. The author may play the part,

* Galileo's villa near Florence is built on an eminence called Bellosguardo.

however, either of a respectable narrator, or a titillating theatrical ballet-master.

There is no lack of good company at Para. The priests, those merry fellows, are ringing bells for you all day long, and at due intervals, for the repose of the faculties, contriving feasts, fasts, and processions, variously adapted to the complicate nature of man. Here is something of

THE PENSEROSO.

"The most mysterious of the different festivals of Para is the 'Festa dos Ossos,' or festival of bones. This singular celebration, as we understood, was not of annual occurrence, but only took place once in a certain number of years.

"On the day of its observance, the cathedral is brilliantly illuminated with lighted candles, which are kept burning from morning until night. In the centre of the church a monumental platform is erected especially for this occasion, which is overhung by a dark tapestry of expensive material, embroidered along its margin with gold and silver fringe. Upon this mausoleum is placed an immense coffin! This is shrouded with a rich drapery of black crape, hanging down in profuse folds on either side.

"During the day the cathedral is filled with persons who come to gaze upon this strange spectacle, and to render homage to the consecrated shrine of the departed!

"About dusk, a body of penitents, dressed in the coarsest garments, repair to the burying-ground of the poor, where they disinter a quantity of bones which they bring with them into the city. Forming themselves into a procession, they march along through the streets or the city in regular file, each one of them bearing a blazing torch in one hand, and a naked bone in the other. Should a stranger accidentally meet this spectral procession in some unfrequented avenue, he would almost be led to believe that he had encountered a party of cannibals returning from some horrid rite or feast of human flesh.

"Having arrived at the cathedral, the penitents enter, and a religious ceremony is performed. This being concluded, each one ascends the platform and casts his bone into the coffin. A hymn follows—then a prayer—and this wonderful festival is ended!"

And as an offset to this gloomy bit of melodrama, take the Carnival farce of

INTRUDING-DAY.

"On 'Intruding-day,' everyone is permitted to assail whomsoever he pleases, with such articles as are accustomed to be used on this occasion. The most innocent of these are small waxen balls called 'cabacinhas,' being about equal to a hen's egg in size, and filled with perfumed water. For some time previous to the day in question, black-eyed damsels may be seen parading the streets, with large trays on

their uncovered heads, laden with these sportive missiles, glistening with their gay colors of azure and crimson and gold. They are sold for a penny apiece, and everyone lays in a stock of them, in preparation for the approaching carnival.

"On the morning of this remarkable anniversary, all the balconies of the different mansions are fortified with frolicsome damsels, who keep up an indiscriminate warfare with their cabacinhas, against all who lucklessly attract their attention in the street. But the sport is not entirely confined to the innocent waxen balls. As the excitement increases, basins, syringes, and even pails and tubs of water are called into requisition. Everyone is assaulted, but no one pretends to take offence. Should a person do so, ten to one that he would be seized and most unceremoniously ducked into a hog-head of water, until his foolish ire was somewhat abated. This has been done in several instances.

"Heedless of all consequences, J. and myself rashly ventured into the streets for the purpose of witnessing the sport. Cabacinhas were flying in all directions, syringes were filling the air with glittering spray, while basins and dippers and pails, wielded by female hands, were pouring their watery contents with marvellous assiduity upon the devoted heads of the unfortunate passers-by.

"We by no means escaped unscathed; on the contrary, in less than half an hour we were as thoroughly drenched as if we had been taking a bath in the river with our clothes on. But don't imagine, fond reader, that we bore all this with the patience of a Job, or the humility of an anchorite. No such thing! Eagerly we rushed into the thickest of the fray, throwing our cabacinhas with skill, wherever a pretty face presented itself. Peeping through a half open lattice, I perceived a lovely young damsel luxuriantly reclining in her hammock, her long sable tresses hanging in wavy masses over her pretty face and olive-mantled bosom. She appeared to be in a gentle slumber, and the magic smile that still played around her rosy lips, nearly disarmed me of my intended purpose.

"But my determination was made, and it was now too late to retract. So, delicately tossing one of my cabacinhas into the apartment, it broke upon the cheek of the charming maiden; jumping up hurriedly in her fright, she rushed at once to the window, and in an instant her stag-like eyes were fixed upon me as the heartless assailant. Transfixed with guilt and enraptured at the sight of her beauty, my heart rebuked me for the deed I had committed, and I felt half resolved to make atonement for my crime, but just at this moment, a well-charged ball from the hand of the maiden herself, almost blinded my left ogle, and suddenly banished the idea from my mind.

"The most formidable of all the belligerents was a certain widow lady, who had from a lofty balcony been pouring down pails of water upon

the heads of all who passed below. Bent on revenge, a young man who had been near drowned by this virago, entered her house, with his pockets full of cabacinhas. He was *white, surely*, when he entered that fatal house, but when he came out, his complexion was as dark as that of the raven's wing."

Another adventure with the sex seems to have been hardly more successful:—

TERESA AND FLORANA.

"Among our olive-complexioned neighbors were two young girls, whose fine forms and pretty faces especially elicited our admiration. The one was named Teresa, the other Florana. The former could not have been more than fourteen years of age, and was rather short in stature, with exquisitely rounded arms, and a bust already of noble development; the latter was somewhat taller, and at least three years older; they had both, however, attained their full size. Animated as they were beautiful, they were always overflowing with vivacity and life; their conversation, which was incessant, was like the chirping of nightingales, and their laughter dulcet as murmuring streams. These, then, beloved reader, were, during our stay at least, decidedly the belles of Jungcal.

"At the close of every day we were visited by all the juveniles in the place, who, in their own sweet tongue, bade us 'adieu,' and at the same time besought our blessing, which latter request we only answered by patting them gently on the head.

"The pretty maidens we have just alluded to, instead of shaking hands with us, were accustomed to salute us at eventide with a kiss on either cheek. The propriety of this we at first doubted, but the more we reflected upon the sweetness and innocence of the damsels, the more inclined were we to pardon them. It must be borne in mind, however, that this was a sacred custom of the place, which it would have been considered, to say the least, great rudeness in us to have resisted, and to tell the truth we were not at all so inclined. Therefore, kind reader, do not judge us too severely; for know, O chary one! that extreme bashfulness and modesty have always been considered two of our principal failings!

"One day Teresa and Florana invited us to take a bathe with them in the stream. This we declined point-blank. They then charged us with fear of alligators. This was a poser: our *courage* was now called in question, and we were literally *forced* to submit. Pray what else could we have done under the circumstances?

"When they had once got us into the water the maidens took ample revenge upon us for the uncourteous manner with which we had at first treated their request. In less than ten minutes, we cried lustily for quarter, but no quarter would they give us, insomuch that we were somewhat apprehensive of being drowned by them, to say

nothing of being devoured by bloodthirsty alligators."

Of the numerous Natural History pictures, this is not the least impressive. As we say men of business, here are some

ANTS OF BUSINESS.

"Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves, and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with the leaves.

"Mr. Kidder states that some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Maranhã, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor and brought up several small pieces of linen from the shrouds of the dead; for this offence the friars commenced an ecclesiastical prosecution, the result of which, however, we did not ascertain. Mr. Southey says, in relation to these destructive insects, 'that having been convicted in a similar suit at the Franciscan convent at Avignon, they were not only excommunicated from the Roman Catholic church, but were sentenced by the friars to a place of removal within three days, to a place assigned them in the centre of the earth. The canonical account gravely adds, that the ants obeyed, and carried away all their young and all their stores!'

Out of this talk about parrots may, perhaps, be derived

A SUGGESTION FOR BARNUM.

"This is one of the prettiest paroquets I ever saw,' said J., taking up one of the birds in his hands; 'its plumage is so delicate, its shape so symmetrical, and besides I think I never saw a parrot with a more agreeable physiognomy.'

"It is exceedingly pretty,' I replied, 'and very much resembles the one which Anzevedo has alive. Is it not astonishing how much he is attached to that little bird? He feeds it as regularly as he takes his own meals, and seems to delight in playing with it upon his finger. I have no doubt that that bird engrosses more of his affection than any human being gifted with an immortal soul. Why is it? It must and can only be because he has good reason to distrust the latter; he knows that the love and gratitude of this little creature are sincere. The true friendship of our inferiors is far better and

more desirable than the selfish and hypocritical concern of those who are far above us.'

"A fig for your sentimentalism!" said J.; 'don't you remember that famous parrot of Senhor P——'s, in the city? What a feathered prodigy he is! Why, I've heard him jabber off Portuguese by the hour, and converse much more fluently than either of us are able to do at this moment.'

"Oh, yes, I remember the bird well; he is a very large specimen, and was brought down from the Rio Negro, I believe. I heard him repeat one day several verses of poetry, and was astonished beyond measure: he is a perfect ornithological miracle, and would make his fortune by visiting foreign parts. His voice is softer than that of any other I ever saw, and his laughter is as melodious as that of a young girl.'

"I have heard marvellous accounts of the longevity of parrots,' continued J. 'One is mentioned by Le Vaillant, the distinguished French naturalist, as having lived in a state of domesticity for nearly ninety years. When seen by this celebrated individual, it was in its dotage, having lost both its sight and memory. In its younger days it had been remarkable for its loquacity; and was so obliging in its disposition as to call the servants, and fetch its master's slippers, whenever required.'

"This was certainly a wonderful bird,' I replied; 'but far inferior in point of talent to one carried to England some years ago by one Colonel O'Kelly. This bird was not only a wonder, but a perfect miracle, and was sold to a certain nobleman for a hundred guineas. Improbable as it may seem, it is said that this bird was able to express his desires in an apparently rational manner, and also to sing a number of songs in excellent tune and time. It is further

recorded, that if in whistling an air it accidentally passed over any note, it would soon return to the bar where the oversight occurred, and complete the tune with astonishing accuracy. Such birds, however, as this, *are extremely rare*.'

"You may well say they are rare,' responded J., 'but you will forgive my incredulity, I hope, when I say that I don't believe such an accomplished parrot ever existed. The bird might have been remarkable for his colloquial imitations, but the account of his musical powers is hugely exaggerated; besides, I don't believe a bird can be susceptible of a rational idea.'

"You are perfectly at liberty to disbelieve what you will,' I seriously answered, 'respecting the mental capacity of birds; but I have heard much more extraordinary stories of their powers than that I have just mentioned to you, and based on good authority too. Gesner gravely relates that two nightingales kept at Ratisbon spent whole nights in discoursing on politics; and Pliny himself states that Germanicus and Drusus educated one so perfectly, that it delivered speeches both in Latin and Greek!'

There is a want of weight and solidity in Mr. Warren's sketches; some of them are "too trifling for insertion," but the subject is a novel one to the generality of readers, and in the growing interest of the region, as it is being gradually approached by Americans straggling beyond the line of Panama, "Para" is a pleasant book for summer reading, and travellers to Saratoga and Trenton may profitably pocket a copy. There is somehow great delight in reading of tropical regions, with your own thermometer at ninety.

THE OLD WIFE.

Yes, she is old, and gaunt, and brown,
Men pass her coldly by,
Yet well I ween a shining crown
Awaits her in the sky.

With German dress, and humble mien,
Her grey hairs meekly bowed,
Whole troops of little children lean
About her in the crowd.

And I have heard, from stranger-lips,
The tale of that old wite,
Ere yet she knew our Western land—
Our homely Western life.

The house was near the "arrowy Rhine,"
Among the vineyards fair;
A lot of stern, unending toil
Bent darkly round her there.

But patiently she always worked
From dawn to eventide,
"The Father" laboring in the van,
Their daughter by her side.

Oh! thin the purse, and hardly earned,
By that poor laboring pair,
When lo! two little foundling babes
Appealed their mite to share!

And though the neighbors loud exclaimed,
And bade them "charge the town,"
The quiet pair took up the care
Which wealthier ones laid down.

One feeble child soon drooped away
Into an early grave;
And long and hard the peasants strove
The other's life to save.

And God looked on, with well pleased eye,
New help to them was given—
Was He not forming angels then,
For His dear son in heaven?

She grew, and throve, that little girl,
In all sweet childish ways,
And crowned the care of that good pair,
Until their latest days.

They taught her well to love the Lord
And good things, not a few;
And when the old man closed his eyes,
He left her substance too.

Alike with his own elder-born,
The little foundling shared,
She never knew earth's stinging scorn,
Nor how the homeless fared.

And warmer grew her filial love,
When, in the maid's estate,
A stranger wooed the timid girl
To be his own dear mate.

A beaming smile, a constant joy,
In that old heart she stays,
When busied in her farm employ,
Or where the baby plays.

The good wife sits beside the hearth,
Within the easiest chair;
Her shrunken fingers fill the rock,
And draw the flaxen hair.

She sits there in the warm red light,
When wintry winds are wild,
And blesses, in her heaving soul,
That dear adopted child.

And when the spring returns with leaves,
To clothe our woodlands bare,
The little room is gaily decked
With sweet, though artless care.

And chubby feet are pattering then,
About the low hewn door,
Small sunburnt feet that crush the stems
On grandame's tidy floor.

And so they live, in their low cot,
The aged among her flowers;
She says a hard unfriendly lot
Was well exchanged for ours.

EMILY HERRMAN.

A SUMMER IN GEORGIA.

THE FALLS OF TALLULAH.

COURTEOUS reader, art thou truly a lover of Nature, and doth thy heart dilate at the sight of green fields, of purling streams, and of verdant woodlands? Hast thou sympathy with her deeper mysteries, and dost thou appreciate her sublimities? Do her lofty heights and her fearful depths—her granite mountains and her mighty waterfalls, inspire love and veneration within thee?

Dost thou list to her instructions, and delight to linger at her temples? Then art thou one after mine own heart, and if thou wilt we may hold pleasant converse together.

Flee for a little while from the details of business, or the pursuits of fashion, and with the writer hereof feast thine eyes upon one of the loveliest and sublimest of prospects.

Please consider thyself for the nonce, dear reader, in Clarksville, Habersham County, Georgia. It is a pleasant October morning. How invigorating is that mountain breeze, and do you notice the remarkable purity and elasticity of the atmosphere? And then our hostess of the "Allegany," how admirably hath she catered to our wants. Verily, after such a breakfast, and with such a morning, we are hungry for adventure. We have little time for meditation, for here comes the "hack" for Tallulah.

Now we are seated and whirling away, not so rapidly, however, as not to perceive and admire the beauty of the drive. That is the Chattahoochee which we have just crossed; do you observe how winding it is; well might the Indians call it the "Crooked River."

Here is the residence of the late Gen.

Clinch, the whig candidate for Gubernatorial honors at a late State election—look quick before we pass it. What a beautiful lawn, and those hedges how magnificent! The General must have been a man of exquisite taste, to have gathered so many beauties about him—but we must hurry on. Did you ever see such hills? Up, up, up we go—now we have reached the highest point. Did you ever behold such a prospect? The peak that you see at the right is fifty miles distant. Those mountains at the left are spurs of the Alleghanies. Through yonder long deep passage courses the Tallulah river. We are near the falls—do you not hear the dashing of the waters? . . . Ah! here is the "Rough and Ready House," let us alight and discourse a little with the obliging landlord. He is an old soldier. He served under Gen. Taylor in the Florida war, and followed him to Mexico. He was present at the battles of Buena Vista, Churubusco, and Monterey; and in honor of them, he has given these names severally to three bright eyed, white haired urchins who call him "father." There he comes. See how soldierly he steps. Glance at his dress; you observe he clings to the undress uniform. That little rosebud he leads by the hand he calls Churubusco. Phœbus, what a name for a girl! yet the association is everything. Pray, don't speak to him of Taylor or Mexico, or we shall never get to the Falls.

"Good morning, Captain, glad to see you."

"Ah, good morning, gents, bright morning this. Walk in and rest a little."

"Not yet, good sir, we are bound for the falls, but will be back to dine with you."

"But don't you want a guide?"

"I was so good a pupil of yours on my last visit, that I think I can pilot my friend here."

Well, we are fairly clear of our host for the present, let us follow this path to the lower fall and commencing there ascend to the others at our leisure. This, dear reader, is the Serpentine Fall. Here you have need of a good head and clear eyes. There is the river, down,—down—a thousand feet below us. Span that fearful chasm with your eye—examine the solid perpendicular granite walls that bound it—behold the verdure-covered mountains opposite, with crests looming above the clouds. See how lazily the river winds its spiral way adown the rocky steep. True, the fall here is not great—it is only forty feet; but tell me, was there ever more magnificent scenery? How aptly is the fall named. How like the black slimy folds of a serpent it appears. And then what can be more lovely than the little cape at its foot, around which the waters divide and break as they pass, crowned with that towering solitary pine?

Here is a point the foot of man hath never reached. How inviting looks that mossy carpet, yet no human form hath ever pressed it. Do you observe those shrubs on the margin of the river? They are three feet in diameter. Those apparently small birds, floating among the branches, are, in reality, buzzards of the largest class. From this you have an idea of the distance. Do not, I pray you, fail to observe those mountain rills on either side babbling their way down the abrupt descent; adding their tiny voices to the swelling cadences of the stream. That at our right has worn its channel at least six feet this way since 1842; its old channel is very perceptible. But let us not tarry here. By ascending this path and following it a few rods we come to the next fall, which is called Horicon, or the silver water. This fall is greater than the first—the water descending here 65 feet. The chasm is also greater, as it is here 1,500 feet broad, and more than 1,200 feet in depth, or to the river at the commencement of the fall. How great the contrast between the Horicon and Serpentine Falls. The one is like a broad sheet of silver flowing over perpendicular rocks, and causing a sheet of sparkling mist to arise. The other is dark, gradual, and winding, causing little commotion in the stream below. That cave upon the right bank, a thousand feet or so above the fall, is called Vulcan's Forge. It was once the source of great alarm to the Indians. They affirm, that an old squaw sits a little at the left of the entrance, smoking a long pipe and looking

wistfully down upon the silvery fall. They believed her to possess supernatural powers and they stood in great awe of her.

On the left bank, nearly opposite the mysterious cavern, a huge rock juts over the chasm, which is here 1,100 feet in depth, upon which, it is said, they used to assemble to discuss the witcheries of the squaw. Hence it was called Talking Rock. Let us tarry a moment, and view the scene from this point. We face the mystic Grot; on the right is the "Horicon," on the left the Oceana Fall; while coursing their way down the adamantine walls, are hundreds of ribbon-like streams, sparkling-like belts of diamonds in the sunlight. From hence we visit the "Devil's Pulpit." This we shall find to be a lofty rock, extending more than fifty feet over the abyss—very similar in form to the old-fashioned church pulpits.

We first entered the preacher's desk, from whence we have a view of three cascades, Oceana, Tempesta, and Lodore. Descending by a natural flight of stone steps a short distance, we come to the Reading Desk, while between the two is a hollow basin of rock, which answers for a font. Some have called this the Poet's Cradle, because of the romantic view from it and the inspiration it might be expected to excite. No fitter place for poetizing could well be found.

If you are not weary, kind friend, let us follow this circuitous path to the water's edge. Be careful of your footing for the way is steep and rocky, and a misstep might send you with unpleasant rapidity into the yeast of waves surging below. Shall we pause here? This grotto is called "The Sybil's Cave." It is about twenty feet long and six feet high. Do you observe its formation? That immense slab of rock, so regular and uniform in its dimensions, that it might have passed under the hands of the sculptor, how came it thus inclined against this upright wall?

Just below is a living spring, let us thither and slake our thirst—who ever quaffed a more delicious beverage?

Art thou fearful of excitement, then trust not thyself further. Nay, and thou wilt proceed, stick closely to me and look well to thine *understanding*. Now we are on the brink of Oceana. Cast thine eye upward. Why tremblest thou!

It is something to behold granite walls towering a thousand feet on either side above you. The distance looked immense from above, but to view it from below, and to hear still below the boiling of the cataract and the wrestling of the floods, were enough to breathe emotion into the pulseless bosom of death.

Ye who love sublimity—who delight in the commingling of the gentle and terrific, go stand upon the brow of Oceana! At your feet roars the waterfall, leaping down 120 feet—the graceful iris wreathing its beautiful brow with the rising mist. On the one side the lofty “Steeple Rock” or “Eagle’s Eyre” looms far upward, overhanging the dreadful deep. On the other the majestic “Pulpit” stands out in bold relief, while in the rear the fierce “Tempesta” lifts up its mighty voice in one continual anthem.

Just above “Oceana” is a pool called “Hawthorne’s Basin.” It was so named from a tragic event which occurred there a few years since. A young Presbyterian clergyman, by the name of Hawthorne, was on a visit to this region. On the Sabbath he preached to an attentive and gratified congregation at Clarksville, and on Monday he visited the falls. Tempted by the comparative calmness of the pool, he determined to bathe in it. He unfortunately ventured too far and was borne over the fall. The body was recovered a day or two after, but not until it had passed over both cascades below the Oceana, and was conveyed to Clarksville for interment.

Retracing our steps to the top of the bank, we find a path leading to the “Tempesta.” As we cannot descend to the river here, we must content ourselves with a view from above.

This fall we must conclude well named, for over it the waters which above are compressed into a narrow passage—gathering force and rapidity, come hurrying, leaping, boiling, dashing, dancing downwards. In the volume of mist which continually as-

cends, a beautiful rainbow is frequently visible. This fall is not so great as Oceana—the depth being only 110 feet, but the rapidity of the current is much greater. Do you observe that huge coffin-shaped rock at its foot? That is called the “Devil’s Coffin,” probably from the singular appearance of the Roman character D plainly sculptured on the top of it. There is a myth connected herewith that I may sometime give you. Between “Tempesta” and Lodore the uppermost of the cascades, we find a most charming retreat, called “Trysting Rock.” Upon this hangs a tale of truth and romantic interest, which must be deferred for a time.

From “Trysting Rock” a path leads down to the water’s edge to a point near “Lodore.” Were this fall by itself, it would probably be more highly esteemed. But as it has a descent of only 45 feet and is close by “Tempesta,” it is not much regarded. It is probably desirable as the closing link in this admirable chain of waterfalls. We have now, kind reader who hath accompanied me thus far, taken a hurried view of “Tallulah”—“The Terrible” of the Indians. We have visited the various cascades, and we have taken a cursory glance at the varied objects of interest about them; if thou art induced thereby to visit in person whither I have attempted to lead thee in imagination, the hour we have passed together will have been profitable to thee and pleasurable to myself. With your permission, I may refer to Tallulah on a future occasion, and relate some of the many interesting incidents and traditions which have clustered about its history. Till then adieu.

Mobile, 1850.

GAYLORD.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF GOOD FEELING.

PRINCE ALBERT’S raree-show was to bring about the greatest era of peace on earth, and good will towards men that modern times had ever witnessed. The Socialist was to lie down with the Fundholder, and the Jesuit with the Evangelical; the American, the Austrian, and the Cannibal-islander together, and John Bull to make money out of them. But alas! somehow or other, the latter end of the pageant, like that of Trinculo’s government, mistrusts the beginning. The sight-seers of all nations make light of all Mr. Paxton’s pains, and will prefer going to Paris; and as honest John finds that the affair will not pay quite so well as had been anticipated, he begins to show temper, and

exhibit a manifest desire to relieve his disappointment by “pitching into” somebody. The *Times*, which is said to “follow public opinion so closely that it appears to lead it,” is particularly wolfish, and has of late vented all its bile upon the United States. It is just now slanging everything sent from America to the Exhibition, and drawing very hasty generalizations on American taste. When we step out of the sphere of “rugged utility,” it seems we make ourselves ridiculous; our furniture is “grotesque,” our carriages “gingerbread and tawdry,” and so on throughout.

Well, *de gustibus*, &c. The very first thing that strikes an American exquisite in

London—one of our metropolitan Sybarites, who has had a fair allowance of preparatory training at home, and then taken his degree on the Boulevards—the first thing that strikes such a man, whether he arrive straight from home or *via* Paris, is the antediluvian uncouthness of English furniture, and the vulgar tawdriness, with their ponderous brass-mounted harness and plush bedizened flunkies. As to our best furniture—being designed on French models, and in most cases actually put together by emigrant French workmen, it may be properly characterized as second-rate Parisian—and second or third-rate Parisian is much preferable, both for taste and comfort, to first-rate English. For in truth, that luxurious “comfort,” so traditionally associated with English life, is very little more than a tradition and a myth; it is talked about plausibly, and described in books enchantingly, but the reality has gone off somewhere into Cuckoocloudland, along with the refined graces of the English nobility, that one sees so much of in the silver-fork school of novels.

A trotting wagon may not be the acme of elegance, but it is grace itself compared with a London cab—an equipage to which even the three hundred guinea horse cannot give anything but a clumsy air. An English chariot, with its glaring yellow body and flaring red wheels picked out in some third color, would be considered in insufferably bad taste here. We have ourselves witnessed the criticism of American coach-builders on imported English carriages, and while admitting the superior workmanship of the axletrees, and the excellence of the iron work generally, they could not conceal their disappointment at the inferiority of the trimming and finishing. We have no doubt—indeed, a friend of ours who first imported an English brougham, and then had one made to order here has verified the experiment—that a crack New York builder will turn out a more elegant vehicle, in any given style, than a London coachmaker, and at two thirds of the expense. What puzzles an Englishman is the lightness of our carriages;

he cannot understand how they are safe. The *Times* made another brilliant discovery on this head. It supposed American vehicles might answer for the streets of New York or Boston, but doubted if they would stand the wear and tear of an English pavement! Our friend of the *Albion* is moved to a little melancholy mirth as he recollects the London pavements, and feels the New York ones. To make the thing complete, there should have been sent out with our specimens of carriages some specimens of the pavement under them. That is a bit of “rugged utility” that we could very well spare. In fact, the combination of lightness and strength in a vehicle is a peculiarly American idea, which a European workman can seldom master. The French have been the first to take hold of it. The handsomest and most popular carriages in Paris are now founded on American models, and called *Américaines*.

But in truth, the English have fallen into the mistake of attributing to us one of their own peculiar characteristics. It is *they* who excel in works of “rugged utility,” and break down when they undertake to cut a figure in the ornamental and elegant. In all the mechanical arts—in every sort of machinery, from the gigantic engine of $n+1$ horse power, to the door-latch that will shut, and the window that will open when it ought to (as no French doors or windows ever did), John Bull stands supreme; but whenever he would sacrifice to the Graces, whether it be in dressing a dinner or a woman, in furnishing a room or painting a carriage, the deities are wroth with him. There is no style or *chique* in anything that he does. Not that the national mind is wanting in refinement, but that refinement manifests itself in another direction. It is limited to the purely intellectual. In criticism and literary æsthetics they are unsurpassed by any people of ancient or modern times; in the æsthetics of the actual world, and the outward acts of life, they are still, with all their colossal wealth, rude and unpolished.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the Birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say, “I love and I love!”
In the winter they're silent,—the wind is so strong—
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he—
“I love my love, and my love loves me.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE UNKNOWN MAN.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of celebrity sends an exquisite tingling through the veins. All men, and some women, feel this delicious fever of the pulse. The thirst for fame, even of the lowest grades, is so intense in many, as to make them totally unscrupulous about its quality, or their title to it. To them a counterfeit is just as good as any, provided it will pass. If they can get the credit, no matter for the substance. Reputation is everything, desert nothing. Still worse; bad fame to them is better than none at all, and to be cursed by every lip preferable to not being mentioned at all.

But the delight of living *unknown* is not so generally admitted. Still it has some advantages. A young traveller in Europe enjoys the sweet immunity of secrecy among thronging millions. The espionage of home weighs no longer on the freedom of his heart. No eye of recognition is turned towards him. There is no one to dart the glance that checks the spontaneous wish as it is bursting into action, or hush back into silence the half articulated word. The apprehension of the possible presence of an observer ceases; and the muscles of conformity, caution, and hypocrisy, enjoy at least a holiday, and relaxed and idle, fall asleep, for want of provocation. Such perfect isolation is delightful, but quite impracticable where the most distant suspicion lurks that our acquaintance can possibly intrude.

Having made by travel this valuable discovery, the next thing is to render the beatitude perpetual. This will, indeed, appear almost a duty, on considering the sharp thorns which a love of distinction has planted in the breast, and the terrible crops of evil they have produced to wound it. If this briery harvest could only be removed from men's paths, what a glorious thing it would be to live! We should walk then perpetually on roses. The history of man would be cut down from its thousand volumes folio to a single one no bigger than the "Pilgrim's Progress." Much gall and sulphate of iron would be saved, and rags, decaying and dropping off as now, from paupers' backs, where they have been doing good service, would not undergo a resurrection in millions of books, where they are working mischief. Authors would then be happy in solitary contemplation on their immense geniuses, and try to be what they have *fancied* and described. If the race of Unknown men and

women should chance to multiply to much extent, the importation of French frippery would fall off sadly, and opera-boxes become what booths are after Vanity Fair is over.

What a world of trouble does the Unknown Man escape! Nobody plagues him for his autograph, or certificates of the merits of cough candy. No impertinent fellow sends him a letter telling him that he is a scoundrel or traitor to his country, obliging him at the same time to pay double postage for the information. The Unknown Man, secure in his panoply of nothingness, defies the cut of an impudent coxcomb of either sex, if such a creature can maintain a claim to any sex at all. Besides a material economy in hats, the multitude of fibs and maudlin compliments he shuns from not encountering a lady acquaintance, is perfectly prodigious. Never invited to public dinners, he is entirely guiltless of the silly speeches delivered there, or of farcical letters apologizing for an absence that was expected and counted on. His name is not found upon electoral and jury lists, and so he is not pestered about his vote, nor fined for not spending weeks in settling the difficulties of other people, when it has been the study of his lifetime to avoid any of his own. Quack and humbug handbills, which penetrate everywhere, like bad news and odors, fail to reach him, for his name cannot fortunately be discovered in the Directory. Nobody asks him to head a subscription for getting Emerson's Essays translated into the English tongue, nor to sign a petition for the abolition of the potatoe rot on one side of 36 $\frac{1}{2}$ °, or the social rot upon the other.

Having no reputation, he is not compelled, like authors and single ladies who are troubled with a surplus, to prosecute perpetually for slander to preserve it. He snaps his fingers at Mrs. Candor and Mrs. Charity, whose powers he thinks very highly of, but who cannot, let them do their best, by any kind of whispering, backbiting, or innuendo, make out to take away a character which one never had. There is, therefore, great comfort in being little. Such a man may cock his hat, and set the world at defiance; for the police can no more take hold of him than of a jug without a handle.

He is not obliged to buy a pew in the broad aisle of the distinguished Dr. —'s church, or go to any one on Sunday, if he does not wish to, any more than the rever-

end clergy do themselves, when on their periodic European travels for their health,—an article, which a thorough experience on their part has discovered to be best obtained where beauty, wealth, refinement, and the fine arts most abound. He can speak of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster without fear of party whippers-in. If he chooses he may, without loss of caste, decline to cover one of his extremities with French boots, or line the other with European affectation; and can enjoy the privilege of using the old, blunt, honest Saxon style and manners, without first running them through a Gallic strainer. Being nobody, of course he can send an answer to a bore "that he is not at home," without a lie. Not the least of his good fortune is that of not being forced to dance with a rich dowdy, nor invited to endorse a speculator's note to the bank. No pickpocket asks him to be his bail, and the honor of suffering as surety for a political defaulter is denied him.

Invulnerable being! He passes among man-traps thickly set by the artful sex, and yet comes away unhurt; for it takes the weight of gold to spring them. How happy! He has only to write a successful tragedy, and he becomes at once the "Great Unknown," and enjoys the secret mightily. Should he happen to be hanged at last, he will pass mysteriously away, like the Man in the Iron Mask, and his relations will be for ever spared any uncomfortable sensation about the throat, whenever hemp happens to be mentioned. When he dies he takes his name along with him, of course. In this he differs from the *would-be* great and little immortals, who leave *theirs* behind to be kicked about a little while, and then sent after them.

The gentleman I have been describing received the other day the following epistle.

I ought to add, that he made immediately the acquaintance of the honest writer:—

"Sir,—

"I have been your next-door neighbor for the last ten years, and must do you the justice to acknowledge that I have never heard your name once mentioned, nor yourself once alluded to in all that time. This is, therefore, necessarily addressed to you as No. 196. I suppose that I ought to ask forgiveness for recognising your existence even now, but I promise not to do it again as long as I live, should you continue as deserving of obscurity as at present. But it was impossible wholly to withhold the credit due you for being so shining an example of a purely negative quantity, hitherto imagined, indeed, by mathematicians, but not actually exemplified before. Your position is certainly a happy one, since you can cut a figure without exciting envy, because that figure is a cypher. Your name, in consequence, has fortunately not been mixed up in the newspapers with those of pill-makers, pickpockets, great criminals, little politicians, philanthropists on a small scale, defaulters on a large one, with all the quacks, hacks, and dealers in everlasting clacks about blacks; to which may be added, by way of postscript, distinguished actors on the stage, and unpitied sufferers in pits and boxes, inventors of fancy shirts for those who can buy them, and verbose preachers of patience and endurance to those who cannot, but are obliged by poverty to make shifts for themselves.

"With sincere congratulations on your insignificance, I am, Sir, your unknown correspondent, and intend always to remain so,

"FRANK FREESPEECH."

DECIUS.

SHORT-SIGHTED VIEWS.

THE Gods are just.

But how can finite measure infinite?

Reason! alas, it does not know itself!

Yet man, vain man, would with this short-lived plummet

Fathom the vast abyss of Heavenly justice.

Whatever is, is in its causes just;

Since all things are by Fate. But purblind man

Sees but a part o' th' chain, the nearest links;

His eyes not carrying to that equal beam,

That poises all above.

DRYDEN.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. GEORGE.

A BALLAD.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.]

I.

BEFORE Saint Stephen of Gormaz,
 Loud the brazen trumpets ring;
 'Tis where Ferdinand of Castile
 Holds his camp, the valiant King!
 Almanzor, the Moorish monarch,
 From Cordova hastening down,
 With a mighty host is marching,
 To besiege the loyal town;
 Armed already, firmly mounted,
 Waits the proud Castilian band,
 While through all the ranks impatient,
 Rides the gallant Ferdinand.
 "PASCAL VIVAS! PASCAL VIVAS!
 Pride of all the Knightly race,
 Wherefore, on the eve of battle,
 Art thou wanting at thy place?
 Thou, who once to arm was foremost;
 Foremost in the deadly fray,
 Hear'st thou not the warlike trumpet,
 And the battle cry to-day?
 While the Christian ranks are fighting,
 Shall they vainly seek thine aid:
 Shall thy well-known trophies wither,
 And thy laurels droop and fade?"
 PASCAL VIVAS cannot hear him,
 In the distant forest glade,
 Where St. George's holy chapel
 Stands beneath the ancient shade,
 At the gate his steed is waiting,
 There his spear and shield recline,
 While the knight, in silence kneeling,
 Prays before the sacred shrine.
 Buried in a deep devotion,
 Thinks not of the distant war,
 As its rising din is echoing
 Through the forest depths afar;
 Marks not now his steed's loud neighing,
 As the tumult strikes his ears;
 But St. George, his Patron, watches,
 And the distant battle hears.
 From the clouds the Saint descending,
 Dons the armor of the knight,
 Mounts the gallant steed, impatient,
 Hastens onward to the fight;
 Flashing through the fray, triumphant
 As the lightning from the sky,
 See, he grasps Almanzor's banner,
 And the Moorish squadrons fly!
 PASCAL VIVAS' prayers are ended,
 Now he seeks the cloister gate,
 Where, as when at first he left them,
 Steed, and spear, and armor wait.

Thoughtful towards the camp he hastens,
 And he marvels much to see,
 That they come with shouts to greet him,
 And the songs of victory :

"PASCAL VIVAS ! PASCAL VIVAS !
 Hail to Castile's noblest son.
 Welcome to the valiant victor
 Who Almanzor's banner won !"

PASCAL VIVAS vainly wonders,
 Fain would still the festive cries,
 Humbly bows his head in silence,
 Points in silence to the skies !

II.

In her bower, the Donna Julia
 Lingers at the close of day ;
 Fatiman, Almanzor's kinsman ;
 Comes and bears her thence away !
 With his precious booty, swiftly,
 Through the forest takes his flight,
 Ten bold Moorish riders with him
 Follow, armed for deadly fight.
 On the second morning, early,
 Now they gain the distant glade,
 Where Saint George's holy chapel
 Stands beneath the ancient shade.
 In the distance, through the forest,
 Well the sacred shrine is known,
 By the Saint's proud form and lofty,
 Sculptured in the solid stone,
 As of old he fought the Dragon,
 Closing in the fatal shock,
 While the princess waits in terror,
 Chained upon the cruel rock.
 Weeping, and her fair hands wringing,
 Donna Julia, at the sight,
 Cries, " Saint George, thou heavenly warrior,
 Save *me* from from the Dragon's might !"
 See, from out the Chapel springing,
 On his steed he comes, the brave,
 In the breeze his locks so golden,
 And his crimson mantle wave ;
 Fatal is his spear's encounter,
 Fatiman, the Robber, dies,—
 As of old the slaughtered Dragon,
 Bleeding on the earth he lies ;
 And his ten bold Moorish riders,
 With a sudden, fearful cry,
 Casting shields and lances from them,
 Through the fatal forest fly.
 On her knees the Donna Julia,
 Scarce her weeping eyes can raise ;
 " Ah, Saint George ! thou valiant Saviour,
 Thine for ever be the praise !"
 But a second glance she ventures,
 And though fearful still and faint,
 Strangest sight of all discovers,
 PASCAL VIVAS is the Saint !

W. A. Barber

"TICKETS FOR GREENWOOD."

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

IF the faces of the present generation of men bear any impress of their acts, they should to a superior being or moral observer not sharing in their spirit, look terrible and hideous. Calmly separating ourselves from the general movement of the times in certain directions—it seems to us as if the ancient faith, reverence, devotion, and all consciousness of the sanctity of life had utterly died out: that all modern civilization lay loosely upon the surface: that our earthly pilgrimage is in truth as in metaphor, a mere day's journey, a hurried scamper, from the cradle to the grave; and that all were pressing to crowd the vehicle of swiftest conveyance. How can we doubt that it is so regarded when we find in shop windows on the common highway of our city—displayed and advertised (as if they were the mere tokens of an ordinary excursion)—passes to a burial-place—"Tickets for Greenwood." There was a time, and not very far distant, when silence was the usher to that last sacred abode; when from the shaded house the grievous pageant wound sadly forward to the church-aisle and the lonely vault; to the old country homestead; to the retired family burial-place under the green tree; and in consecrated earth the beloved remains were laid away, for ever sequestered in their resting-place as in the affections; memorable to grief and kinship—in all the agitations and chances of the after-hours. But now—alas! alas! the change—hostile systems contend for our living bodies, and we are hurried by corporations. We live in mobs, and mob-like we throng to the cemetery: as if we feared to be alone. In daily proclamations: in circulars, and experimental trips, we are invited to the newly-opened grounds, as to a ball or other festive entertainment. We take stock in graveyards as we do in banks and railway schemes. They are bought by the lot at a discount: so much off, if several are taken at a time. We are stimulated to secure the best places, the choice spots, as if they were premium benches at a concert, or private boxes at the opera. Oh, that we have come to live in such an age! No wonder—no wonder—the poets are dead! That men believe they know not what; that they doubt everything; and that they would regulate this great world, with its mountains and waters, as with a screw and lever.

It is in Mr. Berryman that our tragi-comic era finds its most perfect representative and development: Mr. Berryman, who, in his one person, exercises the double function of Sexton of the Fashionable Church and Manager of Fashionable Parties: Berryman, who wields in one hand a silver ladle to serve oysters, in the other a shovel to dig a pit for the shells: Berryman who dismisses, with Napoleonic rapidity, the coaches of a grand re-union in Fifth Avenue on a Saturday evening, that he may rally in a few hours of interval, at the opening of the rectorate on Sunday morning; Berryman who, like the late Charles Mathews, groans on one side of his face and grinds on the other; who makes a mock of life and death; and, conjuror-like, keeps the two balls in motion in the air, heeding little—like the times he represents—which of the two comes down first; and dodging with marvellous dexterity to save his head damage from either: in the great game he is playing (we speak it in no disrespect), it seems to be a matter of indifference to this ready double-dealer, whether he serves to his customers diamonds or spades; whether his white waistcoat of rejoicing or his black gloves of woe are called for. In the familiar dialect of the west, he is *thar*! We are inclined to believe that in the secret recesses of the soul of Berryman (as in the consideration of the era, whose truest type he is), the whole affair on both sides is regarded as a huge jest: a mere farce, rather broadly played, but of short duration: and that lying in one of these finical coffins, or sitting at ease on one of the parlor ottomans, is only a part of the pre-arranged performance: something done, as in the course of the play, merely to help the piece along; and that he looks upon these new-fangled cemeteries as no more than stage-gardens, with a fancy fence and canvas shrubbery—a mere show and make-believe—nothing more.

If we are to judge by what we see, Death—once known as the grim tyrant, the cruel enemy of our peace, the invader of households—is the Merry Andrew of the scene: the director of Public Amusements. It is he who announces, with such boastful promise in the daily papers, the scheme of his entertainment: who invites the editors to the opening of his new play-ground: who rails in his ring with quaint fences: who engages

a company of lively directors: who has an office in Wall street: who publishes fresh catalogues of his attractions in colored covers: who contrives new coffins of a patent convenience (like Mr. Rice in the Virginia Mummy), as a rare sport to get into: who takes shops of display in Broadway: and he it is who has entered into partnership with Mr. John Mace, in that great glass warehouse (a rival to the structure for the Industrial Exhibition of 1851, on the other side of the water) at the corner of Carmine street.

Life! my lively fellow—he seems to say—you are not to have it all your own way. You have had the good things of this world long enough! My turn now, if you please: your Mrs. Furbelow has had the turbans and feathers in her drawing-room long enough—all the shows and spectacles shall not belong to the Bowery Theatre: so, my dear Mr. Mace, bring me out six iron-grey horses with sable plumes: if there are to be balls and parties for live folks—light me up, late into the evening, an undertaker's shop with transparent walls of glass, that our neighbors may see how merry we are. Let the women and children who grow melancholy with serious sports and sempstress's work in the daytime, have a roaring regale of grinning silver plates and waxen polished mahogany coffins! Come and be buried, my merry men all! A shiver, a cold sheet, a few people standing around in black coats—open the door—and you are in—ETERNITY! That's

all! Thanks, Mr. John Mace, for the gentle introduction.

This is, a sad damnatory truth, the spirit of the times.

It is a part of our nature to cherish foolish hopes, to believe well of our kind; and, in our vain fancy, to contrive sanctuaries a little removed from the street and the marketplace, to remember that while we are of the earth, earthy, good Providence has assigned to us immortal souls, whose business may be in another scene, where there is no traffic, where painted fashion enters not, and where a light from far-off stars and music from distant spheres may play about our enfranchised spirits. Shall we go to that as scholars who have learned no part of their coming lesson; where, when we mumble over the topics of the exchange and the counting-room, our new fellow-citizens of the upper sphere will account us foreigners and strangers?

Oh, let us, if we can, even in the hurry and bustle of this the busiest age of the world, reserve one little domain sacred to our nobler studies. However far peaceful valleys are invaded with the whirl of new mechanisms, old lakes and rivers vexed, though the temples of worship themselves are overthrown in the furious speed of grasping barter, let the grave—the dear, sacred grave—where our fathers and mothers, our sisters and our brethren have gone before us, lie aloof, as of old, and possess a twilight peace of its own.

TROYES.

A SKETCH FROM THE COUPÉ.

BY WESTERN NORTH.

EVEN in Paris, November is the most dismal of months. On the Boulevards, clogs, umbrellas, and red noses; in the Tuileries, bare branches and dead leaves, soaked and matted with the continuous drizzle; in the Louvre, a wintry dampness, that makes the Claudes chilly, and gives to David's classic unbuskined heroes, a blue rheumatic tinge; in the *Trois Frères*, spite of incomparable appliances of in-door comfort, a piercing atmosphere of incipient frost, which not even the restorative redolence of *Turbot au gratin* or the inspiring aroma of *Chambertin vieux* can utterly dispel. Fortunate the man who can escape at will from such uncomfortable environments; whose conscience has no scores unsettled with his Galignani in the items of thirteenth-century churches unvisited, old Hôtels unexplored, Napoleon reminiscences unnoted, Restaurants undined at, and dishes untasted; who is free to book

himself at the Messageries Royales for the Southern route, and can direct his anticipations and his luggage, "Italy, via Marseilles."

The morning frowned on our departure with clouds and threatenings of storm. On the threshold of our *chambres de garçon*, in the airy *Quatrième* which had lodged us through the gay, radiant summer, and the bright autumn, while we whirled in the delirium of Paris, we gave a parting look of half regret at their snug nicety, and all that tasteful trickery of cheap decoration by which the stern realities of the attic are softly idealized into the attractive elegance of the boudoir. On the stairs stood Madame, our landlady, in a becoming dishabille, wishing us a pleasant journey, and bestowing her parting injunctions, on the old principle of one word for us and two for herself. "By all means should we wrap ourselves well up from the cold—and take care of our pre-

cious healths—and be certain not to forget if we happened to meet any of our friends on the journey to recommend them to her establishment!" The buxom *fille de chambre* was ready with a curtesy and smiling *merci*, in return for the expected trifle, while from the final foot of the long staircase cries the Concierge's wife, that brave man, the Concierge himself, having gone long ago in advance with the luggage,—"*Bon jour, Messieurs! bon jour! bon voyage! au plaisir!*"

Such were our Parisian adieux.

What a precious windfall for the note-books and descriptive epistle of the unfledged tourist is the first French Diligence he encounters. That great, yellow, chimerical, capacious monster, whose name he persists for a fortnight in pronouncing as if it were an English substantive and signified extra care, and every subdivision of whose huge internal economy he is anxious to experiment upon personally in the venture of a journey. The Diligence becomes in his mind an absorbing idea. Into it, as the greater including the less, are merged all his preconceived notions and future experiences of all sorts of conveyances—unless he happens to be a real estate lawyer—in size, shape, and arrangement to be gauged by this authoritative standard. Into what an involved process of calculation is he plunged by the complex tariff of prices from the *coupé* at the top of the scale, to the *Banquette* at the top of the coach; the highest in position and the lowest in price. What a climax of bewilderment is the hour of starting, when he finds the monster more elephantine than ever, with whole tons of freight distending the huge black bulk of the top covering, and a caravan of horses inexplicably grouped in front, and an anxious population swarming around, waiting for a distribution of the disputed territory inside. How invariably is he caught getting up the wrong ladder into the wrong place, how uniformly fancies himself the victim of some terrible imposition, how despairingly resigns himself at length to the necessity of blind submission. Like the last scene of a five act comedy, to which every explanation is postponed by the way of intensity of *finale*, the highest pitch of confusion just precedes the departure. Finally the decisive "*Roulez*" of the Conducteur, like the voice of destiny, cuts short the conflict, settles the matter of contested seats, and the unwieldy leviathan staggers along with its score of unfortunate Johns inside.

Our diligence lumbered out of Paris, and on towards Dijon, with the most persevering monotony. Out of our *coupé* windows we had a full view of the wide, unvarying land-

scape, destitute of attraction or beauty of any kind. Now and then we clattered into some old town to pull up at the yawning gateway of the post house, and await the change of horses, a process which never failed to call down the conducteur from his exalted seat in the *Banquette*, with the prescribed amount of small change for the departing postillion and an unlimited supply of *dépêchez* and *sacres* for the new comer, who soon guided us out again into the dull country. Over the solid stones, along the straight, undeviating line of the highway, like all other French roads laid out in the strictest abhorrence of curves and bends, we rolled all day. Towards night it was a great relief to be let out at Nangis, a little unnoticeable town, with the intimation of a dinner in readiness. The *Interior*, *Rotonde*, and *Banquette* had peculiarities of taste; preferring *soupe maigre* and *vin ordinaire* to the more elaborate provision of the *table d'hôte*. This last was a great affair, got up with strict regard to the unities, on the Paris pattern, with a superabundance of white napkin, and a vast display of large plates and small eatables. There was nothing in the Conducteur's blouse and cap that hindered him from being of the party, any more than if he had been a Democratic driver in New Hampshire, and during the progress of the dinner he performed the double duty of satisfying his own appetite and quickening ours. He was a good-natured fellow though, and I believe would have kept the whole Diligence load waiting a quarter of an hour, rather than carried us off hungry. Leaving Nangis and the Lion d' or behind, we got very soon into the dark, and dozed along in that convulsive style peculiar to efforts at sleeping over wheels, consisting in a series of naps which one falls into with a spasm, and is waked up from with a jerk.

About three o'clock in the morning we came into the narrow, crooked, twisting streets of the ancient capital of Champagne, the dilapidated city of Troyes. How much dilapidated, we could not see in the obscurity of the lamp-light, but we knew it had dwindled from its old importance of sixty thousand inhabitants to little more than one-third as many, and what indistinct glimpses we did get as we turned the sharp corners and threaded our intricate way between the tall quaint houses, told of antiquity and decay. Stopping in the big, irregular square where the diligence waited while the relay of horses was being got up in some remote quarter of the city, we had a better opportunity of looking about, and decyphering what a queer, ricketty, gable-ended sort of a place it was. Roofs askew and chimneys awry,

tiles and timbers pitched together in a way that antiquaries love, but nervous lessees hate; the whole town was very far gone in the ruinous picturesque. The silence into which we had so unseasonably obtruded ourselves didn't seem sensible of the disturbance. All around there was the deep, unbroken stillness of "past midnight." "The chief manufacture carried on in and around Troyes," says the indisputable John Murray, "is *night caps*." The occupation of the Trojans just at this time was evidently connected with this prevailing staple. But presently, while we were wondering what was to happen to us, and momentarily expecting the ghost of some old hero of Champagne with a long neck, the visible impersonation of a "dead soldier," to enliven the scene and help us to some of those apropos associations and imaginings that conscientious tourists are always favored with on the right spot, appeared on the scene a little old woman, queerer than all the gable ends in the town could ever have looked, even in broad daylight. Turning up mysteriously, very much as if she had emerged from a trapdoor in the pavé, she commenced superintending the unloading of trunks, boxes, chests, and packages, as if they were all her own, or, at least, as if she was a sort of general agent and commissionaire extraordinary for everybody else. To have seen her,

frisking around the conducteur and the coach, now here, now there, now in one place and now in another, and now in both; managing and directing and controlling; the supposition was hardly to be avoided that the town of Troyes was inhabited and governed by little old women, of whom this was the head and *chef*; the female Polk of a small Republic of *vieilles*; the petticoated Haroun al Raschid incognito, walking unvized amongst her sleeping subjects, with ocular inspection of such nightly intruders upon the peace of her domain as this lumbering Diligence of ours. All of a sudden off she goes, disappears within the neighboring court-yard of the "*Grand Mulet*," and we wonder what has become of her. Our wonder is not long; in a minute she is back again, back with a big hand-cart capable of holding, who can tell how many *malles caisses*, or hampers of cheese, the lactaceous specialité of Troyes? She piles them up one over the other, whatever they are, the commodities of her cognisance and care, and when the load was crowned with the last item of freight, put herself blithely between the shafts and off she trotted, hand-cart and all, down the square, and around the corner, disappearing amongst the peaked roofs and slanting gables, like an industrious and overloaded ghost.

THE OLD WOMAN OF TROYES.

She is an old woman, certainly one
Of the most remarkable under the sun,
Not even excepting the old woman who
Lived very retired in the heel of a shoe,
And was troubled with troublesome boys;
The very quintessence of spirit and strength,
Corked down in a body not four feet in length,
And perhaps I should add the very personi-
fication of everything skinny and bony,
Is this Old Woman of Troyes!

As soon as the Diligence, clatter, and clang,
Gets into the square and pulls up with a bang,
Probably waking up half of the people,
And shaking the town from the stones to the steeple,
With a terrible racket and noise;
Out of *le Grand Mulet*—(mentioned by Murray,
As "good, clean, and cheap") in all sorts of a hurry,
With a light in her hand, of course a rush light,
She comes with a rush, in the depth of the night,
This queer Old Woman of Troyes!

She unloads in a trice, I really can't state
Exactly the number of *cwt.*,
From the top of the Diligence down to the flags;
While as for such matters as baskets and bags,
They're nothing but trifles and toys;

Around and around the old woman scampers,
 Amongst packages, boxes, and barrels, and hampers;
 A bale of packed cotton, or load of pressed hay,
 Would be nothing at all, I'll venture to say,
 To this Old Woman of Troyes.

While we are looking, she's gone for a minute,
 Flies to the court-yard, and disappears in it,
 But before you could think it, takes a fresh start,
 And out of the gate with a great big hand-cart,
 Like a squadron of horse she deploys;
 Then into it piles up trunks, boxes, and chests,
 As a tailor would pile up trowsers and vests,
 Hops into the shafts like a twelve-pounder shot,
 And off through the streets, at a rousing round trot,
 Goes this Old Woman of Troyes!

Now, if Hugo or Scribe had been in the *Coupé*,
 Or Janin or Sue, it's easy to say,
 That besides with the handcart this very long run,
 In a novel or play she might have had one,
 And made a prodigious great noise;
 Or in England, that wonderful country of dafts,
 She'd surely be christened the Countess of *Shafts*,
 Deaving the *bury* out of the word,
 Which only would make it too long by two-thirds,
 For this Old Woman of Troyes!

Now, ye Mothers all over the world attend,
 And I'll give you the moral that comes at the end;
 If you've got a large family, in a long series
 Of Peggies, and Sallies, and Annas, and Maries;
 Without wishing your girls had been boys;
 Don't bring up these Peggies, or Maries, or Annas,
 To do nothing else but perform on pianos,
 And break other people's, and then their own hearts,
 But teach them the useful, industrial arts,
 Of this Old Woman of Troyes!

MISS CATHARINE HAYS.

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM MRS. S. C. HALL.

* * * You ask me to tell you all I know of Catharine Hays, who is about to visit you; of her artistic fame you can judge yourselves; to *that* my praise can add but little;—you are told that her voice is a high, pure soprano, rich and melodious, and that her exquisite shake is nature's own gift, inasmuch as she has possessed it since childhood—a sort of fairy gift, bestowed in her cradle. With *one* exception, her voice is more delicious to my ear than any voice in the world; it goes into my heart, and brings tears to my eyes, and I remember it and can recall it, it is so soft and tender, so full, very *full* of expression; moreover, it is so astonishingly improved; it has gained power, without losing any portion of its intense sweetness.

You say I am a partial judge, and I confess it at once. I do not see any harm in being a "partial judge," when I am "partial" to *artistic* as well as *moral* excellence. Deeply as I admire music, I cannot separate the singer from the woman, and now you see why my musical praise would be esteemed of little worth by musical people.

Of Catharine Hays, as my countrywoman, I am justly proud: I am proud of her gentle yet sustained energy of character, of her guileless nature, of her modest dignity, of her devotion to her family, of her womanly fame, which is as spotless as that of Madlle. Lind. I admire her, I respect her, as I do all, who, by strength of character and talent, win their way not only to admiration but esteem, who are not spoiled by flattery or

chilled by the experience which all who live a public life must have, of insincerity and double-dealing.

I can, as you desire, tell you ALL I know about her, because "all" is to her honor. You ask me the very womanly question of, "Is she handsome?" I answer, according to my taste, "yes." Her features are fine and regular, her head well shaped, her figure and movements exceedingly graceful, and in one expressive word, "lady-like;" to see her in a concert-room, or in general society, you would hardly imagine that grave, dignified lady was possessed of both wit and humor, and was really childlike in her home. She has used well her time, and is accomplished and informed in more things than in music. The Dublin University Magazine published a portrait of the fair *cantatrice*, but it is not like her in the least, and would do for Miss Anybody as truly as for Miss Catharine Hays.

You ask me to tell of her "early days."

It was fortunate for her that her "wood-notes wild" attracted the attention of that kindhearted and generous man, the late Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Bishop of Limerick—Limerick the city of her birth. There is a legend that, while boating with some of his family on the Shannon, their attention was attracted by the young and delicious voice of a girl singing near one of the houses, whose gardens have the good fortune to stretch along the banks of that magnificent river.

"It's only that bird of a child," said one of the boatmen, "whose aunt, or some one belonging to her, lives in the Earl's house; and little Kitty, the darling, gets out of the noise of Patrick street, and away from her companions, down yon among the trees, and sings her songs, God bless her! to the waters. She sung before she could speak, but she's as shy as a young hare, and the voice leaves her when she's asked to sing. Whisht! listen to how she quivers in the 'Lass of Gowrie;' and sure, my Lord, if you axed her to do it, she couldn't—it isn't, you understand, that she wouldn't—only shyness takes the strength out of her voice; the only pleasure the little delicate craytur seems to have in life, is with her book and her songs, and it's just like being in heaven to hear how she sings in the moonlight." A triumphant shake, with which the young Catharine concluded, "And now she's Lady Gowrie," still more astonished and delighted the boating party, proved that poor Paddy's eulogy was deserved, and better than all, determined the good bishop to learn more of the syren of the Shannon.

The bishop, like you, wished to know

"all" about Catharine Hays. He found her living with her mother and sister in respectable, but comparative humble circumstances; he did not hesitate to invite her to his house, and introduce her. Her first step in society was well and firmly made; she was presented by an accomplished prelate of the Church of England to his family and friends, and the position he gave her, she has kept both abroad and at home; the very *élite* of your society may believe that they receive a lady who has been received by the most fastidious within the sanctity of their own homes with respect, and treated with affection.

The young Catharine, before the Bishop heard her, had attracted the attention of a Limerick lady of much musical knowledge, and she had aided her taste, and given her much information concerning musical things. She had played to her, and sung with her, but we very much doubt if either this early friend or the good bishop had an idea of what Miss Hays would become, even when through his instrumentality she was placed in Dublin, under the tuition, and as an inmate of the family of Signor Sapio, Mrs. Sapio having agreed to receive her in her house.

It is a positive fact that, though this young lady was placed under Signor Sapio's care on the 1st of April, 1839, such was her beautiful quality of voice, and so wonderful her attention and progress, that on the third of the next month (May) she made her first appearance in public, trembling and timid. Shrinking and sensitive as she was, her first public performance gave her friends assurance of the triumphs that were in store for her. Some months after she visited her native city, when the Bishop of Limerick gave a private concert, to prove to his friends that he was no false prophet. When Miss Hays returned to Dublin, her judicious master was obliged to check her ardor and limit her practice, for her artistic industry knew no bounds.

In 1841, exactly ten years ago, Liszt declared he knew of no voice more expressive than that of Miss Hays, and that he doubted if amongst the singers of the day there was one equal, in extent and volume, to what hers would one day become. After another year of hard study and some public singing, she again visited Limerick, entreated permission of her relatives and friends to add dramatic to musical study, earnestly desiring to visit Paris, to receive lessons from Emmanuel Garcia. It was no easy matter to obtain this permission; but it *was* obtained, and after eighteen months' close and severe study under this master of awful renown,

he declared he could do no more for his pupil, but advised her to proceed to Milan, as the best school for the lyric stage; here her fame soon spread, and her debüt took place at Marseilles in *I Puritani*; during the earlier scenes the audience were painfully silent, but at last—they could not help it—the disbelief a foreign audience had in an English singer was swept away, and tumultuous applause succeeded the icy coldness of her reception. She next played *Lucia*, which, I am told, she renders most charmingly, but I have not seen it. I can imagine how exquisitely she would play that or any womanly character requiring grace and feeling, if she acted as she felt. Her taste is essentially dramatic; I do not mean by that, that Catharine Hays in society would be pointed out as an actress—not at all; she would be looked upon, if not known, as a ladylike, elegant, and graceful woman—but when called forth in any way, her manner of telling a story or an incident, or in reading or repeating, she is highly dramatic. She cannot help it, the spirit of what she reads seizes upon her, the jest of her story sparkles in her eyes, or its pathos calls forth the musical wail of her soft, rich, speaking voice, and the scene is brought before you, seemingly without an effort to fix your attention or display her own talents. She afterwards triumphed at *La Scala*—she was there recalled actually twelve times, and covered with flowers; there also she was called “the pearl of the theatre,” a pretty name, which was warranted by the fairness and delicacy of her appearance. At Vienna she was greatly received, and at Florence the kindly and gracious Catalani was one of her warmest admirers. At Geneva the patrician ladies left their boxes, and offered their bouquets behind the scenes to the young Irish singer. But all these “facts,” and many more you can gather, or have gathered already.

After her second appearance in London, Miss Hays, or as the journals presumed to call her, *Madlle. Hays*, was commanded by our noble Queen to attend a private concert at Buckingham Palace, and complimented

there on her singing. After seven years' absence she revisited Dublin, and the enthusiasm of her enthusiastic countrymen knew no bound, they called her the “Irish Lind,” and gave her a reception something like what you bestow on the other side of the Atlantic on your favorites.

I ought to have told you that her early friend and patron, the Bishop of Limerick, was present in a private box the first night she appeared at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and that when the curtain fell, Catharine, forgetting the plaudits of an admiring crowd, rushed to the box of her venerable friend, and poured forth, with tears of deep feeling, her gratitude to him who had been the guardian angel of her path. His Lordship has since then been called HOME, but he enjoyed the triumph his protégée so truly earned.

Since then Miss Hays sang at her Majesty's Theatre, but this year she declined all engagements here, and went to Rome as *prima donna*, during the grand carnival. I heard her at her concert this summer, and was lost in admiration at her improvement; it is really wonderful what strength and power are added to her voice. I am sure you will appreciate her as she deserves, both in public and private—in every respect Miss Hays deserves all honor; her public fame is but the shadow of her private worth.

She leaves us (accompanied by her mother) about the second week in August, under the conduct of Dr. Joy, who has been selected by Mr. Beale to manage the American tour. The company consists of Lavenu as conductor; Herr Mengis, baritone; Augustus Braham, tenor (and a delicious tenor he is—his voice so like his father's—its very *echo*); Richardson, flute; perhaps Regondi. Oh, how wild you will all become to hear the concertina!—and our own fair Irish Catharine Hays—Star Sola!

And now adieu! What a highly favored people you are, I quite envy you.

* * * *

ANNA MARIA HALL.

Firfield, 21st June, 1851.

A MOTHER.

WHEN we are sick, where can we turn for succor,
When we are wretched, where can we complain;
And when the world looks cold and surly on us,
Where can we go to meet a warmer eye
With such sure confidence as to a Mother?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TRENTON FALLS.

SCENERY; HISTORICAL REMINISCENCE; PASS OF THE RAVINE; TASTE AND HOSPITALITY OF "MINE HOST."

A SHORT time ago we returned from a delightful visit of several days at Trenton Falls. We descended the precipitous ravine, and climbed its rugged steeps, cooled occasionally by the dashing spray, and almost deafened by the unceasing thunder of the water-falls. Here the West Canada Creek, the largest tributary of the winding Mohawk, finds its way for five miles through a deep limestone gorge, over steeps of rock from thirty to ninety feet in altitude,—while on either side, nature opposes to the yellow, madly rushing element, walls of strata piled eighty feet above, perpendicularly, and covered on the summit by umbrageous forests, and lined upon the sides by creeping vines and sunny flowers. High on the right bank of the stream, like an eagle's eyrie, is the "Rural Resort," a rude though pleasant tenement whose portico nearly overhangs the great Fall, and trembles like an autumn leaf, from the heavy roar of the cataract. Here the pedestrian pauses awhile to contemplate the splendor, the amplitude, and the grandeur of nature's handywork. Away towards the right the eye ranges through pleasing vistas of rock, leaf, and water, never weary of their grateful changes; and at times the gay rainbow rears its graceful arch, spanning the misty depths, and anon vanishing from the sight with the silent melting beauty of an evening sunbeam. And at dead of night, when human activity resigns itself to physical repose, and the still moon rises in tranquil majesty, nothing can be finer to the lover of nature than those romantic cataracts wasting their beauty on the "desert air," and hurling back from their foaming depths the mirrored rays of the Queen of Heaven in broken sparkling drops of dew, or the more regular and symmetrical embodiment of the "lunar bow." If grand at day-light, these far-famed Falls are surpassingly novel and sublime at night, and might indeed be called terrific, especially when frequent rains have swollen their inquiet bosom.

A little distance below the Falls is the spot where, in the autumn of 1783, Major Walter N. Butler retreating to the Canadas from his last massacre at Cherry Valley, was successfully pursued by the gallant Col. Willett of Fort Stanwix memory, with four hundred of his choicest troops and about sixty Oneida warriors, and put to death. In the heat of the engagement the British offi-

to force his way quite under the bridge at cer was observed skulking behind a tree in the wonted mode of border warfare, upon the opposite bank of the creek, by a wary Oneida, who, raising his rifle, shot him through the crown of his head. Plunging into the water and swimming across, the Indian fired a second ball, and taking his scalp bore it away, a signal trophy of his exploit. Thus perished one of the most barbarous men that ever gloried in the butchering of women and children, or the wanton destruction of property.

The ravine of the West Canada Creek was probably formed in lapse of ages by the action of water some eighty feet below the surface of the earth, and the superincumbent mass gradually deposed; since on any other hypothesis, the stream must have found its outlet more in a south-easterly direction.

In seasons of high water, to attempt the passage of the entire ravine is almost impracticable. All the footpaths beyond the common "Termination Rock," are then submerged or rendered as smooth and slippery as glass, from the numerous pools that pour their crystal drops over the impending rocks. And to scale their frowning heights would, at first thought, appear less possible, were the experiment not actually undertaken. Being accompanied by a bold enthusiast, we succeeded in the task, but not, however, until the third trial when pantaloons, coats, and youthful muscles were the worse for use. But at other times we have frequently ascended the stream as far as "Boon's Bridge," three miles from the High Fall, by dint of climbing, creeping, and crawling; and on one occasion we remember a spirit of adventure got the better of our customary caution, and losing hold of the projecting cliff, we were violently precipitated into the gulf eighty feet deep. The current was strong and wild, and the boiling cataracts below, like Scylla and Charybdis, threatened instant destruction in their horrid jaws. Providentially we arose to the surface of the water not far from the shore, after no small lapse of time, according to an observer, and by a few lusty strokes regained the bank. Disencumbering ourselves of our saturated garments, and wringing out the last drop of water, we replaced them, and repassed the dangerous rocks in nearly as gay spirits as before. As a fitting termination to this adventurous tramp, the pedestrian is presumed

Prospect, now hanging over the solemn depths of the gorge, at arm's length, with little or no resting place for the feet, now "squat like a toad" on a narrow ledge, and again lying flat on his face in a gap of rocks, merely wide enough to receive the bare body, and projecting himself forward by the strength of his arms. This done, he must disengage himself from his awkward posture, and turning around, descend six or seven feet to a little rock, and by an expert leap he will accomplish the feat. The return walk from Prospect village to the Falls Hotel is over a beautiful section of country. In the distance may be had a magnificent and unequalled view of the lowlands of Oneida county, dotted by village, hamlet, and forests, and encircled by a blue range of extensive hills, the most remote of which is reputed to be more than thirty miles southward.

Trenton Falls ought not to be seen merely once; they should be repeatedly visited and pondered to appreciate fully their unrivalled loveliness. Although we have travelled during the past year from Maine to Minnesota; from the Falls of St. Anthony to within ken of Mount Washington; witness-

ed the sublime wealth of nature in the fertile valley of the Mississippi; the vast bodies of our great lakes; the tremendous cataract of Niagara or Unghihava; the fairy beauty of the Hudson, and the more modest charms of Lake Winnipiseogee, we confess the Falls at Trenton are unrivalled for romantic wildness and imposing grandeur. With these accessories the home accommodations are unrivalled. The Falls House is kept and furnished in the most approved style, and from roof to cellar is as cleanly and well ventilated as the hotels at Niagara or Saratoga. Mr. Moore, the proprietor, is a gentleman of much taste and experience. His parlors are adorned with sketches and paintings of the best artists. His library is well stored with standard works of literature. His mineralogical cabinet is extensive, and carefully prepared. Two fine, powerful organs, and a piano-forte invite the trial of the connoisseur. His organ music consists of admirable selections from Rink, Handel, Novello, and others. While we were there, two young organists alternately exercised their skill upon pieces from Haydn's, Handel's, and Mendelssohn's Oratorios.

H. M. S.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are past;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I commune day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe;
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears;
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
 My place with them will be;
 And I with them will travel on
 Through all eternity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust.

SOUTHEY.

FAMILIAR TALK WITH OUR READERS.

Who thinks of ink-pots on the sea-shore? In the rustle of the forest leaves, who bothers his pate with thoughts of magazines or newspapers? And yet, though we have been for a fortnight past foreigners to such companions, there are inveterate scribblers, we doubt not, who, looking on the well-heads and cool springs of the country round, regard them as so many standishes of ink, and look upon "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste," as a great unrolled folio newspaper. As for you, oh readers of ours, though sojourning for a time far from this desk, forgetful of the months and the mails, we have remembered that thousands of you, our fellow-journeymen over this beaten track of reading, also dwell in country places, and have a daily sympathy with the scenes and sounds of un-printed nature. While one rim of the DOLLAR has touched the ocean, the other has pushed its silvery circle up among the hills, and far out upon the glimmering horizon of the BERKSHIRE VALLEY. What new inscriptions the DOLLAR has taken from that glowing air of beauty, read for thyself.

"Friends in the country, do you realize what a choice part of God's world you live in? If you do not, come to New York and swelter here during July, with hot stones on three sides of you and a narrow strip of hot blue laid across the top. We realized *your* condition by going into Western Massachusetts the other day, and the precise trip we took we would most unequivocally recommend to our city friends. Take the NEW HAVEN cars at 8 A. M. or 3 P. M., as you choose; be expressed to Bridgeport, where you will find the HOUSATONIC cars in readiness to 'put you straight through' to the most enchanting part of the world without any failure, or delay, or smash, or disappointment of any kind. You can get off at Sheffield, or Bassington, or Stockbridge, or Pittsfield. We chose Stockbridge, because it is such a *classic* place. It is the oldest town in the country—the Indians had their first missionary there—Jonathan Edwards wrote his treatise on the hill there, and the house is standing where he wrote it, looking very modern in its coat of white paint—President HORKINS was born there, and Miss SEDGWICK also shared a similar fate there, and indeed the quantities of great men and great women who have either been born, or lived, or died, or are now living there, is beyond all enumeration. And then the scenery there is about Stockbridge! so exquisite, so beyond the capacities of Saxon to represent! The beautiful rides and walks and rambles and excursions one can make to glens and hills, and mountains and lakes! One can revel in the embrace of nature there for a month, and feel at the end that

her charms are but just beginning to unfold to a complete realization. But we couldn't stay a month, and our city friends must know, as we were compelled to know, how to get back. The cars came dashing along at ten minutes past nine in the morning, which land you in New York at 4 P. M., or if you can stay over till afternoon, as we did, you may leave at four and be safely moored in New York at eleven in the evening, and be sound asleep by twelve, which is as early as any one ought to go to sleep these beautiful summer evenings. Fellow-denizens and fellow-sufferers of the city! take a trip to Stockbridge, and come back, happier, freer, heartier, better for it."

. . . . From an artist-friend, who is FLITTING about the green bowers and retired haunts of the country, we have, in a late letter, bearing date among the Catskill Mountains, a pen-and-ink-sketch, of which we give you a glimpse, reader:—

"Time has slipped away pleasantly with me since our adieux at COPWAY'S famous exhibition: partly at Sloatsburg and other points on the Ramapo Valley, and a few weeks in the vicinage of Greenwood Lake in New Jersey. In the latter region I passed a very agreeable week with CROSEY, at the residence of his father-in-law. He has exceedingly nice summer fixments there—a cosy studio and plenty of out of door hints. He is now at work on a pair of large landscapes, which he calls 'Peace' and 'War.' The 'War' was well advanced when I left, and promises to be one of his very finest pictures. The first beams of the morning sun strike the rocky peaks of distant mountains, and give a sweet rose tinge to spots of snow here and there. The middle ground is occupied by a huge rocky mass, the summit of which is crowned with a magnificent castle. The light is still seen through the windows of the banquet-hall. On the left, in the distance, the morning mist is just lifting in the valley, disclosing a city attacked and fired by an enemy. Beacon lights burn on the castle hills, and the armed knights are pouring out to the rescue, while a shepherd and his flock are about crossing the draw-bridge for the safe shelter of the castle. 'Peace' is at present only in the design. It will probably be a more poetical picture than the other. Next fall I will do up a little description of these works for you. They will not be completed before the winter or perhaps the spring.

"I am passing a few days in my ancient haunts here, *en route* for the Green Mountains via Lake George."

. . . . The warm sun seems to enliven the sprightlier newspapers, and prompts them to frisk and play with each other like so many

young lambs, as witness these sportive sallies from our two clever contemporaries of Philadelphia and eke of Boston :—

How doth the little Boston *Bee*,
Improve the shining hours,
And gather honey every day,
From paragraphs of ours.—*Phila. Sun.*

While ranging through the field of news,
And culling o'er *your* flowers,
We often find "a little sweet"
Reminding us of *ours*.—*Boston Bee.*

"Together let us range the fields,"
And sip each drop of honey,
Make every comb wax rich and large,
And sell our cells for money.—*Sun.*

. . . . With several errors in execution, and the management of the material, the following poem, which *purports* to come from a fair lady, has decided merit :

TO MRS. M. B. E.

"Music, the keeper of the key,
That opes the gates of Memory."

Oh! lady fair! use well thy power,
For Music's gift is a glorious dower.
'Twill grant to *one* surcease of pain;
And *one* to walk with friends again,
The loved, the lost, of early childhood,
Again, amidst the scented wildwood.

In artless airs the peasant sings,
In music 'mid the home of kings.
With thunder in cathedrals rolling,
With simple lute of minstrel strolling,
A power there dwells to seize, control,
And tune to harmony the soul—
Till spirits tossed like stormy ocean,
Where wave meets wave in wild commotion,
Become like some still, star-lit sea
Where winds and wave sleep peacefully.

To Music, I said, thou hast the key
Which opes the gate of the past to me.
Speak! oh speak! till the thrilling strain
Recalls the loved I have lost again;
Till I rove with them as I used to rove
By the singing stream, in the silent grove,
Till the violets' breath with the breeze is blending—

And then ring out with a joyous sound,
Till again the echoing laugh goes round—
Speak! oh speak! till each flashing eye
Shall flash again as in times gone by—
And I see the smiles which once they wore,
Those faces loved, in the days no more—
Not like the smile which Death hath won,
Which rested the pallid features on,
Like the golden light when the dews are weeping—

On the marble white of the church-yard sleeping—

And bring! oh bring! the roseate flush
On the rounded cheek, and the speaking blush—
Not like the flush which outlasts the breath,
And blooms amid the forests of death, ¶

As the rosy hue that the sunset throws
On the mountain's snowy summit glows.

And Music spoke with its thrilling strain,
And I entered the land of the past again,
And I found the friends once called in vain.

Oh! Mozart's strain, with its human cry,
And Handel's tones of sublimity,
Tell us of splendor long departed,
But yet to shine on the pure-hearted,
Or moan amidst the columns scattered,
Of the fair temple sin hath shattered,
Like the sad breeze which nightly sigheth
Where some lone, sculptured ruin lieth.

Then, lady fair! use *well* thy power,
For Music's gift is a glorious dower.
And if such strains to Earth are given,
Think! what must music be in *Heaven*!

ANNIE.

. . . . The ILLUSTRATED NEWS, published by STRONG, has spread its wings to a wider stretch over the country, with the title of AMERICAN, and promises to become an established weekly necessity with newspaper-buyers. Some of its recent illustrations require no allowance for the novelty of the undertaking or the often-pleaded "younghness" of the country. The Shakers, in a late number, are neatly presented, with just so much of humor as belongs to the subject in itself, without an attempt to exaggerate the peculiarities of that singular people for the purpose of raising a laugh at their expense.

. . . . By the way, the NEWS's next door neighbor, which publishes some of the best contemporary poetry from the pen of one of its editors, C. D. STUART, had an amusing misprint the other day, which almost prompted us to believe that the senior, the politic FAIRMAN, had been trying his hand with the muse. It occurs in a very pretty song, intended to open this wise :—

"Come gaze upon the stars, fair girl,
And name the one to me," etc.

The printed version has it, however :—

"Come gaze upon the *stairs*, fair girl."

"Such a getting up stairs" we have rarely known before—or since.

. . . . TICKNOR, REID & FIELDS of Boston have continued their series of DE QUINCEY, with a new volume, making the fifth of that admirable publication, containing LIFE AND MANNERS, an Autobiography of the distinguished essayist; the delicate portrait prefixed presents a life-like copy of the compact and thoughtful head of the opium-eater. This classical house announce as forthcoming new volumes of poetry by three of our most gifted young bards, TAYLOR, LOWELL, and STODDARD. They will, no doubt, meet a kindly and appreciative reception.

. . . . Mr. LITTELL's "Living Age," which strikes the weeks with the punctuality of a clock, sustains itself under its proprietor's skilful and judicious direction, among all competitors and

new comers, with the peculiarity that it does not publish a worthless or purposeless article from one end of the year to the other.

. . . . The April number of TALLIS'S "Dramatic Magazine" (John Tallis & Co., 40 John street, N. Y.) appears with portraits of two former favorites of our metropolis, the elder VANDENHOFF and his daughter, with well written original papers on the drama, a full record of the MACREADY Banquet, and interesting miscellany. In type, paper, and other mechanical appointments, Tallis's Dramatic can take and hold its place with any periodical of the day.

. . . . We have Nos. 42, 43, and 44 of the BOSTON SHAKSPEARE, from PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., the great success of which we have been happy to record heretofore. The present (triple) number has a general illustration frontispiece on steel. Several new works are announced from this house, which will no doubt sustain their established character for judgment and enterprise.

. . . . Among the welcome visitors of the month is a Discourse, commemorative of the life and character of the noble missionary, ADONIRAM JUDSON, by one of the ablest religious writers of the country, WILLIAM HAGUE. Written in a fervent spirit of sympathy and admiration, this discourse does not, like many of its class, lose itself in vague eulogy and general epithet, but it enters into a close and delicate analysis of the gentler traits and subtler influences of the character of the great evangelist. This portion of his undertaking Dr. Hague executes with ample and apposite illustrations, while the other parts of the discourse are distinctive, fervidly written, and pregnant of instruction.

. . . . We have, from the other side of the water, from an eminent English divine, THOMAS SADLER, a sermon preached at Hampstead, in March, on occasion of the death of JOANNA BAILLIE. With some peculiarities of view, it is marked on every page with that force of expression and earnest tone of sincere conviction and devotion which characterize the distinguished author's writings.

. . . . MESSRS. APPLETON have varied their march of solid publication with a little light infantry, in the shape of a poem by our ancient fellow-townsmen, THEODORE S. FAY, Esq., now resident *chargé* at Berlin. While the interest of "Ulric or the Voices" is well sustained in the narrative, it exhibits a readier melody and flow of stanza than we remember in any previous composition of its author's of the same kind. From the gentle and genial spirit of his former writings, which have attached numerous friends to his career, this new production will, we trust, be widely read.

. . . . Recognising merit wherever it shows itself, whether it be in book, pamphlet, folio, newspaper, or monthly magazine, we lay our finger admiringly—in the July number of Col. WHITNEY'S excellent periodical, "The Republic"—upon some verses by the artist-poet, WIL-

LIAM WALCUTT, which have the flavor of actual observation, mingled with that air of quaint and peculiar invention which makes Mr. WALCUTT'S reputation as an illustrator with the pencil. It is enough to say of this present poem—and this is saying *something*—"The Fisherman's Dream," that the use of the pen has not diminished our admiration of the skilful wielder of the pencil.

. . . . WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, who will be in our city by the time this statement of the fact appears in print, has been acknowledged in his well-won character of poet, by his recent publication of "The City of the Silent," inaugurating a southern cemetery. We know of no poem in the language, on any similar occasion, to be compared with this for suitable cadence, the solemn, measured, and majestic movement, aptness of illustration, its tone of thoughtful meditation (a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Simms's poetical writings), and general propriety and harmony of treatment.

. . . . We find a contrast so well stated by that quaint essayist of the *Newark Advertiser*, we feel, dear reader, that it must be a sin to withhold it from you. Read and propound:—"The little kingdom of Sweden, never deficient in eminent persons to do her honor, has now in this country two individuals of great celebrity to represent her; and it is singular they should both be women, and in single life—Miss BREMER and Miss LIND. Celebrated, as both are, a striking difference exists in the universality of their fame and the substantial and immediate benefits conferred by it respectively on its possessor. Very few, if any, persons in this country are ignorant of the name and character of JENNY LIND. Which among the greatest of Americans, or any other names now existing, can hope to have penetrated those recesses, where that of JENNY LIND has become a familiar household word? Yet it may well be questioned, whether the now comparatively unknown Miss BREMER may not hereafter be oftener heard upon the tongue, as well as felt within the heart, than the one so much more resounding now. Though their reputations at the present moment stand in a contrast resembling the loud explosive bursts of song compared with the softer accents of conversation, the tables may be reversed when we come to compute the permanent impression made by the two on the intellect and heart. The qualities of Miss LIND seem indeed to be more effectually appreciated; we have weighed them in a balance, and estimated them in money. Such a process has aggrandized her at the evident expense of her equals and superiors. Nobody can withhold a high degree of admiration for a talent which happens to be exchangeable for a vast amount of money. We are convinced there never was a very wealthy man of average benevolence and ability, however he may have been estimated by his intimate associates, that was not the object of profound respect to the public at large, though ignorant of everything about him except

his wealth. For Miss Linn's sake, we hope the early reports respecting the disposition of her gains for philanthropic purposes may be liberally verified. For, without denying her more than ordinary powers of vocalization, they have prevailed less unquestionably with multitudes, than the still more uncommon consecration of her property to benevolent uses. Her beautiful intentions, her acknowledged pure life, and her universally experienced extraordinary musical endowments, acted and reacted on each other, and aided largely by Mr. BARNUM's skilful management, produced one of the most memorable instances of widespread enthusiasm ever put on record.

. . . . P. P., the sweat flowing at every pore—drooping and out of breath—staggers to the table with this small morsel as his sole monthly contribution:—

HE'S THAR!—A London correspondent writes us that in that city, "right under John Bull's very nose, a Connecticut boy has a store of Yankee-made housekeeping articles, from a Hingham wash-tub down to a tin nutmeg grater, and is making money like smoke!" The next thing we hear of that chap will be that he has contracted to carry on the English government at a reduction of 60 per cent. from the present rates, and agreed to whip out old "Runjeet Singh" and "the Caffirs" at a bonus!

Poor P. P.!

. . . . Our fair Contributor at Mabbotsville must regard herself as wilfully neglected. Her kind communication was mislaid; it is not, however, a plant which will perish. Is she aware—has any secret magnetism so persuaded her—that the "Talker" is a bachelor writer, and not of those named in her letters, and that the Crown Rose might be proudly worn, to her surprise perhaps, on a *single-breasted* coat? "What avail?" Much, fair lady! For to poets who walk alone and meditate in these summer evenings, the dew of heaven might pleasingly refresh it *here* as freely as on the lawns of Mabbotsville!

. . . . A late New Orleans journal goes into a blaze on the poor reward of literary and dramatic talent, and itemizes the grievance as follows:—"Milton sold the *Paradise Lost* for five pounds, Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and Goldsmith only saved himself from jail by selling the *Vicar of Wakefield*. These were the remunerations of distinguished literary talent in the Augustan age of Literature in England. Though it is pretended by some persons that the world has greatly advanced and improved in this respect, we greatly fear it is not so, and that genius of the higher order is as little appreciated and as poorly rewarded now as it was in the early age of science and civilization. Such conviction was forced upon us yesterday, by a perusal of an agreement between Mlle. Marie Duret, the manageress of *Varieties*, and John Gaisford, Esq., the author of the *Bloomers*, by which the latter consented that his inimitable comedy shall

be reproduced on the stage of the *Varieties* five times for the sum of twenty dollars, to be paid out of the proceeds of the houses. Four dollars a night for such a drama as the *Bloomers*!"

. . . . A glancing poem of sentiment from a friend now in California will cheer or soothe us in our "Talk:—"

THE WISH.

From the German of Anastasius Grün.

In peerless light the deep blue sky,
Far, far aloft above us gleams,
Firm, bright, immutable, and vast,
A type of God's own truth it seems.

The deep lies tranquil, calm, and clear,
An image of the peace above,
The sun's resplendent rays appear
An emblem of eternal love.

Light gliding o'er the waters free,
Our bark pursues her even way,
While in the breeze her fair white sails,
Like freedom's banners, float and play.

The sun, the sea, the deep blue sky,
Attend her course from shore to shore,
Lone, freedom, truth, tranquillity—
What could'st thou wish for more?

Ah! would the gentle land breeze waft
But one green leaf athwart the sea,
But one sweet blossom from the land,
And bear it to our bark for me.

W. B.

. . . . There are now lying before us—on a return from a breezy sail to Staten Island (which, by the way, furnishes its nightly quota of visitors to the opera at Castle Garden)—DAVIDSON'S Illustrated Libretto Books, embracing an English version and the music of the principal airs, neatly printed in a most attractive form, imported by Mr. DAVID DAVIDSON, at the office of the *Literary World* and *Dollar Magazine* (109 Nassau street, New York). Whoever would double his enjoyment of the opera should secure, at a very reasonable price, this series of the principal works of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and the other masters.

. . . . Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have issued a book, of special interest to American readers, of Lady EMELINE STUART WORTLEY in the United States—lady-like in its kindly view and generous construction of whatever passed under her observation in an extensive tour through the country. The "*Pictorial Field Book*" pushes on its patriotic way, with apt illustration and interesting text. We have also from this prolific house "*Godfrey Malvern*," a novel, by THOMAS MILLER (umq. while basket-maker), of which we have differing opinions from judges of approved authority. The only remedy is for each to read the book for him or herself.

. . . . With hopeful march, reader of the *DOLLAR*, turn we now our faces towards the autumn sun. May they carry with them the summer glow of health and happy thoughts!